

The Critic

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of Literature Art and Life*

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No. 1

The Lounger

I AM glad to hear that Mr. Charles Major will strike out in a new field with his next novel, which will be published by the Macmillan Company. The scene is laid in Indiana in the early thirties. It is a realistic story that he has written, but it is not the realism of gloom. He describes it as "sunny realism," which after all is better than the other kind. Certainly it makes us feel better.



Except Mark Twain I know of no one who draws so badly as the Sultan of Morocco. Indeed, on comparing the portraits sketched by these two distinguished gentlemen I should say that they must have learned in the same school. They might easily exchange drawings and no one be the wiser.



Joaquin Miller is one of the few men who have had the pleasure of reading their own obituaries. Only a short time ago we were told suddenly from a clear sky that he was dead, and the obituaries poured in. Some of them must have been pleasant reading, others not so pleasant, but at least Mr. Miller has the advantage of knowing what his contemporaries think of him.

I have often wondered why no life of the late James Anthony Froude has appeared during the nine years that have passed since his death. His friendly relations with Carlyle, of whom he became the literary executor and historian, and his unfriendly relations with Freeman (whom he succeeded as an Oxford professor—a fact that must have made that most caustic of his critics turn in his grave) were the stuff of which piquant biographies are made; and indeed this brilliant historical writer—the most brilliant since Macaulay—would have made as excellent a theme for one of the biographies that ought to be, as any recent literary man I can think of. But Mr. Froude, it seems, left special instructions in his will that his Life was not to be written, and his literary executors have no intention of thwarting his wishes in this regard even indirectly. I fancy there will not even be a Biographical Edition of his works.



We are promised a new volume of Carlyle correspondence in the fall. The contents will consist of letters written by Thomas Carlyle, and the book will be a companion volume to the recently published letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.

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The Critic



PROFESSOR MARK H. LIDDELL

The book will be edited by Mr. Alexander Carlyle.



The first volume of the Elizabethan Shakespeare, edited by Prof. Mark H. Liddell, and just published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., is a monument of intelligent painstaking, as well as of typography. It was printed at the DeVinne Press, and Mr. DeVinne is said to consider it the finest piece of work that he has ever turned out. The text retains the old spelling with corrections of obvious misprints and faulty printing. The copious references to the early lexicographers are a particularly valuable feature of this edition.



The preparation of the speech in which he welcomed M. Edmond Rostand to the French Academy on June 4th delayed the completion of the novel on which the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé has been at work since last summer. Publication in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was to have begun last

December, but has been twice postponed, and "The Master of the Sea" begins to appear only in the first June issue of the *Revue*. It will be complete in six fortnightly instalments, and book publication will occur here and in France at the end of September or the beginning of October. Eminent as M. de Vogüé is in his own country, where his writings introduced the present school of Russian novelists, this is the first instance in which one of his books has been copyrighted for publication in the United States. He owes this introduction to a new public to the fact that his hero in the present case is an American. The great "ocean combine" may have suggested not only the title but the book itself.



Miss Frances Aymar Mathews has had things pretty well her own way on Broadway this season, for one may well say that of a playwright who has plays running in two Broadway theatres at the same time. In this instance both of the plays were alike in name, that is, both were "Peggy" plays. One, "Pretty Peggy," successfully played at the Herald Square Theatre by Miss Grace George, was founded on the life of Peg Woffington; the other, "Lady Peggy," was a dramatization of Miss Mathews's novel, "When Lady Peggy Goes to Town." This latter "Peggy" was no particular "Peggy," but just a young English girl of the eighteenth century who happened to bear that name. Both plays have won fame and money for the playwright. "Pretty Peggy" will probably be produced in London by Miss Olga Nethersole, whose interpretation of the play, it is needless to say, will be very different from that of Miss George. The sale of the novel, "Lady Peggy," passed the hundred thousand mark. Miss Mathews has just completed a new novel which will be brought out in the fall.



Miss Mathews is a New Yorker by birth and descent and inherits literary taste from both sides of her house. She wrote for pleasure, from impulse

and inclination, up to a few years ago, when, her father losing everything, she had to take to work more seriously. She has found things pretty easy ever since she began to write, and at the present moment editors and managers

workers, Miss Mathews is small and delicate looking.

22

I have read with interest an essay by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, written over



Photo by

MISS FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

Sarony

are vying with each other in their efforts to secure her work. Certainly Miss Mathews has arrived at an enviable position.

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Miss Mathews lives in Brooklyn in the winter, but spends a large part of the year in the country, where she lives an out-of-door life with her horses and dogs. Like so many prolific literary

one of his pen names, "Claudius Clear," some time ago, on "The Stress and Strain of Literary Life." There are few subjects upon which Dr. Nicoll can write with more intimate knowledge. He is one of the most indefatigable workers in his line in England. Even in America he would be called a "hustler." By the literary life Dr. Nicoll refers to the life of journalists



MR. THOMAS E. DIXON, JR., IN HIS LOG-CABIN STUDY, ON THE LAWN AT "ELMGINTON MANOR"

and novelists. He has heard writers—journalists and others—declare that there was no strain in the literary life, but this he denies, and he takes his stand upon the fact that by holding one editorial chair for seventeen years he has had a longer tenure than almost any other editor in London, and ought to know what he is talking about. During these seventeen years the editorship has been changed in almost all of the London morning and evening papers as well as the weekly reviews and religious papers. This he mentions to prove the extreme precariousness of the journalist's position, but it does not need Dr. Nicoll or any one else to prove this to a journalist. It is the most precarious position in the world. You are here to-day and gone to-morrow. You may be with a newspaper twenty-five years and you may not be with it for twenty-five hours. This knowledge is of itself a strain. When he asks the question what is the remedy for the stress and strain of literary life he can give no answer, but he thinks that many of its worst traged-

dies could be averted if there were better means of keeping the inefficient out of the profession.



While I hesitate to take issue with so well-informed a writer as Dr. Nicoll, I cannot think that there is a great deal of stress and strain in the literary life unless those who follow it are unsuccessful. It seems to me there is nothing more ideal than the life of a successful author. Take our successful novelists, for instance. If they do not try to do too much they must have a fairly easy time. They have their ills, but I do not think they are brought on by their work. Mr. Winston Churchill has been in the doctor's hands quite recently, and Mr. Booth Tarkington has been very low with typhoid fever, but I do not think the illness of either of these authors has come from the strain of writing books. Neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Tarkington writes too much. They leave plenty of time between their books, and their lives are full of variety, which after all is a great



"ELMINGTON MANOR," THE RESIDENCE OF MR. THOMAS E. DIXON, JR., DIXONDALE, VA.
(From a photograph taken by Mr. Dixon)

factor in keeping one in good working condition.

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The late Frank R. Stockton, who was a man of delicate physique, did his day's allowance of writing in two hours. He happened to tell this to a friend who followed a more strenuous profession, and the latter joked him for his laziness. He could not see that two hours of mental strain was equal to eight hours of another sort of work. It is not only when his pen is in his hand that an author is working. On the whole, an author whose books make him a good living has nothing to complain of.

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There is Mr. Thomas E. Dixon, Jr., for instance. Look at this beautiful home that his pen has earned for him, and as a matter of fact he has only written one novel, "The Leopard's Spots," which has had a phenomenal sale. He has a new book to be published this

month called "The One Woman," which deals with the question of divorce. When his publishers read the manuscript of this story they told Mr. Dixon to make his own contract. This rather phased him for a moment, but he recovered himself and made a suggestion for a liberal advance, which was eagerly paid. Both the author and the publishers believe that the sale of the second book will put that of the first far into the shade.

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Mr. Dixon's home, "Elmington Manor," is at Dixondale, Va., on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay. He has a mile and more of beach on his own place, and it is a drive of two miles from his front gate to his house. There are three hundred large shade trees on his lawn. Although his house has thirty-five rooms, he built a log cabin down near the water that he might have an isolated place to write in. You see him at work, and you will

The Critic

realize the pleasant conditions under which he does his work.



Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who unwittingly killed off the Servian poet Zmai, rises to explain:

May I ask for a few lines of your space to correct an unwitting misstatement in my volume of collected "Poems." On page 132, in a prefatory note to my paraphrases on the Servian poems of Zmai, I stated that the poet was no longer living. This I did on the authority of two obituary notices of him to which my attention had been called. Happily this proves to have been an erroneous statement, as I recently learned in Rome from Dr. Vesnich, then Servian minister to Italy. Early in February I received an autograph note from the

poet, who was then living in retirement at Kamenica. I have made the correction in the plates and the unissued sheets of the volume, and shall be obliged if any reader of this who may have a copy of the volume will make a note of the error on the page in question. The lighter lyrics of "the Servian Longfellow," which Mr. Tesla translated for me, give, I am told, but a slight idea of the importance of his larger work. It is much to be desired that his epic compositions should be translated into English.



Mr. John D. Barry is one of the most successful prize winners among American story writers. I doubt that he has ever entered a competition where he has not carried off the prize, whether it be for novels or short stories.

His latest novel is "A Daughter of Thespis," and in this he shows his leanings toward the stage. Mr. Barry is a dramatic critic, as well as a writer of books and plays. None of his plays, so far as I know, has been produced professionally as yet, but this does not mean that he has not a successful career before him. Mr. Clyde Fitch was older than Mr. Barry before successes crowded in upon him.



Mr. C. N. Williamson was, with the exception of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, perhaps the youngest man who ever started an important London paper. He was the founder and first editor of *Black and White*, having previously been connected with *The Graphic*. As a boy he wrote a successful "Life of Thomas Carlyle"; and at about the same time drew wide attention, in a series of articles



Photo by

Parkinson, Boston

MR. JOHN D. BARRY



MR. AND MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR VILLA AT MENTONE

which appeared in *The Graphic*, to Cumberland as a climbing centre. It is not generally known that Hughenden Manor, afterwards bought by Disraeli, was originally the property of the Williamson family, on the mother's side. Mrs. Williamson was an American girl—a Miss Livingston of New York; she went to England on a visit eight or nine years ago, met her husband there, and married a year or two later. She has written a number of novels which have been well received, but "The Lightning Conductor" (with the exception of some short stories which appeared in *The Strand* and other magazines) is the first work that she and Mr. Williamson have done together. They live by the river, at Hampton Court, in summer, and the rest of the year they spend in travelling abroad, going often to out-of-the-way places. Mr. Williamson is an expert automobilist, driving his own car, often without a chauffeur, and "The Lightning Conductor" was sug-

gested by a long tour which he and his wife took in their automobile, through the various countries named in the book. Their method of constructing the story was for Mrs. Williamson to write all the American girl's letters, while Mr. Williamson wrote those of the English hero.

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Although she prefers to be known to the reading public by her maiden name, Pauline Bradford Mackie is Mrs. Herbert M. Hopkins, her husband being a professor of Latin at the University of California. In clinging to her maiden name Mrs. Hopkins is unlike the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," who became Mrs. Cale Young Rice while "Lovey Mary" was running through the pages of the *Century Magazine*, and began at once to use her married name. Mr. and Mrs. Rice, by the way, are spending what might be called a belated honeymoon in Europe. The dramatization



Photo by

Mendelsohn

MR. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which to round it out has been combined with "Lovey Mary," will have its initial performance at Louisville, in October next, and it will not surprise me if the original of "Mrs. Wiggs" occupies a conspicuous place in the audience. I doubt, however, if she will recognize herself in Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke's impersonation. We never see ourselves as others see us. The Century Company, by the way, will bring out a new holiday edition of "Mrs. Wiggs," with colored illustrations by Mrs. Florence Scovel Shinn. Mrs. Rice saw these illustrations just before she sailed for Europe and was so delighted with them that she ordered a set for Messrs. Liebler & Co. to use as hints in their production of her play.

Mr. David Graham Phillips, whose

"The American Adventures of an English Fortune-Hunting Earl" is being widely read, is another author who has graduated from the field of journalism. He is a young man, being now about thirty-six years of age, and he has his best years before him. Mr. Phillips's book is somewhat on the lines of Miss Manning's "Lord Allingham, Bankrupt." Mr. Phillips's story deals with the "high society" of New York, Boston, Washington, and Chicago. Miss Manning laid her scene in the far West. Mr. Phillips must be an industrious writer, for it is almost impossible to pick up a magazine or weekly or even a daily paper in which there is not something from his pen.



Count Tolstoy and Maxime Gorky, on whom the mantle of Tolstoy is quite inaptly said to be descending, continue to divide public attention in Russia. Gorky's recent play, "At the Bottom," lately produced at Moscow, achieved notable success. It pictures the dregs of the lodging-house and the waifs of the street, and their partial redemption through the simple and sturdy minis-



PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE

tration of an old ex-Siberian convict. Gorky is already working upon a new play entitled "The Jew," and friends to whom he has read certain scenes are unanimous in praise of its combination of realistic and humanitarian motives.

While Gorky is unflagging, Tolstoy, on account of failing health, has lately undertaken little beside his "Memoirs" and an occasional radical pamphlet, such as "The Overthrow of Hell and its Restoration." An interesting side-light on the Count's heterodoxy was recently brought to light by a strong letter from Father John of Kronstadt, declining election to the honorary membership of the Council of the University of Dorpat. Count Tolstoy and Father John, who is the most learned and beloved of Russian priests, received an equal number of votes, but Father John did not relish the association and wrote in the following terms to the Rector of the University:

I have read your esteemed letter with due attention, and am obliged definitely to decline the honor which the Council of the University has sought to confer by counting me among its Honorary Members. I would under no condition become the member of any body, however learned and honorable, which in a spirit of deplorable scorn seeks to couple me with such an impious man as Count Tolstoy, the worst heretic of these evil days, one who in his pride and flagrance exceeds the heretics of all time. I would not take my seat beside this anti-Christ, and I am astonished at the indulgence which the Council shows toward this satanic writer, and the incense which it burns in his honor. Such is my reply to your letter.



COUNT TOLSTOY AND MAXIME GORKY

All this talk about a book trust is very foolish. Suppose all the publishers did combine and organize themselves into a trust. A man with a few hundred dollars might come along and publish a book that struck the public fancy, and snap his fingers at the trust. Suppose, for instance, that the trust existed and the small publisher discovered a "Mrs. Wiggs" or a "Mr. Dooley." What would the trust be to him or he to the trust? And then, again, publishers have more pride in their business than pork-packers, let us say, and money cannot tempt them to sell their business. A man may be glad to be a pork-packer because it yields him a lot of money, but he takes no æsthetic pride in the business. To

The Critic



Photo by

MISS FRANCES POWELL

De Youngs

say that he has killed so many hundred thousand hogs does not fill him with the pleasurable emotions that the sale of so many hundred thousand books fills the publisher. Publishers, as a rule, are publishers because they like books, but I can't imagine that pork-packers are pork-packers because they like hogs. They go into pork-packing merely as a means to an end—the making of money—and while a publisher is not averse to making money he would rather make a little as a publisher than more as something else. For this reason it would be hard to make those houses that take pride in their name and in their business merge their identity in a trust.



The lady who calls herself Miss Frances Powell is shy about being recognized by the public at large, but

if the accompanying picture is her portrait, and I have no reason for doubting it, her friends will certainly recognize her, and when one's friends suspect one's secret the cat is out of the bag. "The House on the Hudson" is, I believe, Miss Powell's first book. I need hardly say that it will not be her last. It has been an unusual success, even in these days of successful first books. It would have made a capital serial, for at the end of each chapter the reader is filled with eagerness to go on reading and see what is going to happen. The story is melodramatic and I should say decidedly improbable, but that does not take from its interest.



Another first book that has attracted considerable attention is "A Girl of Ideas" by Miss Annie Flint. These two books are as opposite as the poles. One is romantic melodrama, the other a story of up to date life in New York, not much more probable, perhaps, than the story of "The House on the Hudson," but of a very different class. Miss Flint is the daughter of Dr. Austin Flint, and although this is her first book, so far as I know, it is not her first appearance in print. She is the editor of *Our Animal Friends*, and writes many of the interesting stories in that periodical. If Miss Flint had written another "Black Beauty" I should not be as surprised as to find that she is the author of a book of the character of "A Girl of Ideas."



MISS ANNIE FLINT

Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, whose article on "The Poets of the Ghetto" attracted attention in the columns of THE CRITIC, has recently published "The Autobiography of a Thief." This is not, as one might suppose, a

from an article by him and were not intended to be published separately. The article in question was purchased from the London periodical, *Good Words*, for simultaneous publication. It was received too late to be published



MR. HUTCHINS HAPGOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF"

bit of fiction. It is really an autobiography taken down by Mr. Hapgood from the lips of an ex-convict. It is as interesting as fiction, but being true its lesson is more salutary. "The Autobiography of a Thief" is the first important publication of the new firm of Fox, Duffield & Co.

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Mr. Clement K. Shorter wishes me to say that the paragraphs about Mr. Edmund Gosse published in the April number of THE CRITIC were extracts

in its entirety; therefore certain extracts were made from it.

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Mr. Shorter, in his always interesting literary letter in *The Sphere*, makes this extraordinary statement:

One may admire Mrs. Humphry Ward and yet suspect that the reason why one hundred thousand copies of "Lady Rose's Daughter" have been sold in the United States, as against not more than one quarter of that number in this country, is partially on account of the American's love of a title. In

Mrs. Humphry Ward's book one's acquaintance with dukes and duchesses is continuous.

How, then, does Mr. Shorter account for the success of "Sherlock Holmes" in this country, to take an English novel as an example, or of "David Harum," to name one of our own, in which latter only the plainest class of Americans figure? I wonder if Mr. Shorter was serious in giving this reason for the success of Mrs. Ward's book in America, and does he really think that Americans love a title more than do the English?



Many an American pilgrim will find his way to Frimley Churchyard, Surrey, to visit the last resting-place of Bret Harte. The tomb, a picture of which is here reproduced, bears this inscription: "Bret Harte. Aug. 25, 1837—May 5, 1902. Death shall reap the braver harvest." At the head are the words, "In faithful remembrance. M. S. van de Veld." The monument was erected by Madame van de Veld, who has had fir trees planted round the grave. At Christmas time a number of wreaths were laid upon the tomb by American and English friends of the dead story writer, among these a branch of laurel leaves bearing a card on which was written: "For the glory born of goodness never dies."

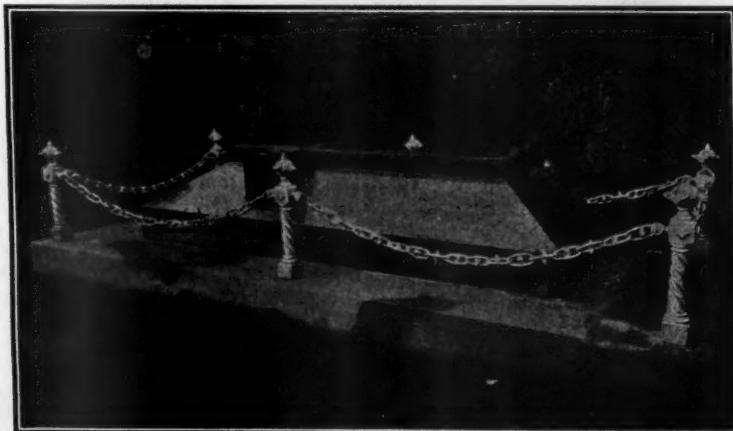
Although the body of Bret Harte lies in an English grave, San Francisco is to have a monument to his memory. A California sculptor, Mr. "Bob" Aitken, will make the monument, which will be of bronze. A subscription has already been taken up, and a number of bas-relief portraits of Mr. Harte will be sold in aid of the fund, while California artists will paint portraits to be sold for the same good cause.



Mr. William J. Lampton, the author of "Yawps" and other amusing verse and prose, has just published "The Confessions of a Husband," a parody on "The Confessions of a Wife." By the way, how little we hear of that book nowadays! It was one of the most discussed stories ever printed in a magazine during its run through the *Century*, but after it was printed in book form it seemed to attract less attention, for no reason, apparently, other than that the discussion was exhausted. The book, however, had a very large sale, though it was not one of the record-breakers.



The many admirers of Mr. Frank Stanton, the Southern poet, will be interested in seeing this portrait, which shows him at his desk in the office of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Evidently



From

THE GRAVE OF BRET HARTE

The Sphere

some one has interrupted Mr. Stanton while he was in the midst of writing an editorial, for the manuscript that lies before him is not that of a poem. He would no doubt look more annoyed if a poetic inspiration had flown at the sound of an intruder's voice.

22

A writer in an English journal makes the statement that none of the titles recently conferred upon English men of letters were given them because of what they had accomplished in literature. Sir Leslie Stephen, this paper argues, was knighted on account of his connection with that great work, "The Dictionary of National Biography." Sir Walter Besant never regarded his knighthood as due to his fiction, but as an acknowledgement of his public services in behalf of authors. Sir Gilbert Parker, it is said, attributes his title to his position as a member of Parliament and a representative Canadian, and Sir Conan Doyle was no doubt knighted in connection with his attitude in regard to the Boer War. This same writer doubts whether one of the four great English authors now living would be willing to add a "handle" to the simplicity of his name. These are Meredith, Swinburne, Hardy, and Spencer. Outside of Tennyson, this same writer argues, no literary man has had a title conferred upon him merely because he wrote good literature. This sounds true, and I dare say it is. If one is to believe what Mr. Anthony Hope says in "Pilkerton's Peerage," titles



Photo by

MR. FRANK STANTON IN THE "CONSTITUTION" OFFICE

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are not conferred upon men of letters because of their accomplishments in literature.

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Mr. James Lane Allen's new story, which will probably be published before the summer is out, was to have been called "Crypts of the Heart," but the name has been changed to "The Nettle of the Pasture." Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel has not been named as yet.

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One of the most interesting items that have turned up at a London book sale for a long while came to the hammer at Sotheby's on May 20th. This was a Shelley pamphlet of eighteen pages, containing the poet's "Proposals" for

the relief of the Irish. It is a wretchedly printed thing, struck off at Dublin in 1812, and probably sold—if sold at all—at a shilling or one and sixpence. A boxful of this “inflammable matter” was seized by the postal authorities on its arrival at the Holyhead Custom House and confiscated, the copy just

master-General, says that the writer of the incendiary pamphlet “is son of Mr. Shelley, Member for Bramber, and is by all accounts a most extraordinary person. I hear that he has married a Servant, or some person of very low birth.” His Lordship was not far wrong in calling the poet “a most



GOSCHEN, THE FAMOUS GERMAN PUBLISHER, WHOSE LIFE IS REVIEWED ON PAGE 21
(After a portrait in the possession of Viscount Goschen)

sold being the specimen sent to the Postmaster-General. So far as is known, it is unique. Of the “Declaration of Rights”—a single sheet, printed on one side only, which accompanied it in the box and in the auction room—only two other copies have been traced: they repose in the Record Office at London. With the pamphlet and broadside were three official letters, in one of which Lord Chichester, Post-

extraordinary person.” His extraordinariness was proved by the price paid for his “Proposals.”

Some twenty-five years ago this interesting lot was catalogued by a London dealer at fifteen guineas. It is understood, however, that the owner parted with it to the late Lord Carlingford at a somewhat lower figure. Without further sale it ultimately passed into the hands of Sir Edward

Strachey, Bart., M.P.—a granddaughter of the famous singer, Braham, and niece of the late Countess Waldegrave. Knowing of the existence of ardent Shelley collectors, and not being one herself, Lady Strachey, though approached by one of the most assiduous and successful of these zealots, decided to part with her treasure, not privately, but in the best possible market for such wares. And so it was that lot No. 684 of the sale of May 20th came under the hammer, and starting at £100, was knocked down to the representative of a New York firm for £530. On the same day a first edition of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"—a work never before sold publicly in the original boards, uncut—fetched £110; and a first impression of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost" £350, the former record having been £120. In face of these figures, no one can contend that the bottom has dropped out of the rare-book market!

FROM THE EASTERN SEA BY YONE NOGUCHI



LONDON · AT THE UNICORN VII CECIL COURT · W.C · MCMIII

COVER OF A VOLUME OF POEMS, DESIGNED BY THE
AUTHOR, YONE NOGUCHI

Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine is one of those fortunate authors who can live his life in the country. He has a farm at Croton Landing, about an hour by train from New York, and there he not only does his writing, but he works out of doors and in. He is a tiller of the soil and he also has a workshop where he works in wood. Like John Burroughs, he is going in for fruit raising. Mr. Burroughs's specialty is grapes; Mr. Trine's will be apples and pears. With an orchard of fifteen hundred choice trees and books selling at the rate of a hundred and seventy-five thousand copies, Mr. Trine ought to feel very well satisfied with his prospects in life.



One of the most interesting books that has reached my desk for some time is "Exits and Entrances," by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard. Books

of this sort have a strange fascination for me. I like to read anecdotes of people that I know, particularly when they are as well told as these that Mr. Stoddard tells. His recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson and of Bret Harte are particularly valuable and characteristic. Mr. Stoddard publishes two poems—if they may be dignified by that name—one by Stevenson, the other by Bret Harte, that have never before appeared in print. The Stevenson poem was written in a letter

prefaced with the remark: "It is no
muckle worth; but ye should na look
a gien horse in the moo."



TO C. W. STODDARD

Ne sutor ultra crepidam;
An' since that I a Scotsman am,
The Lallan ait I weel may toot
As ye can blow the English flute;
An' sae, without a wordie mair
The braiest Scot ma turn sall sair?

Of a' the lingos ever printit
The braiest Scot's the best inventit,
Since, Stoddard, by a straik o' God's,
The mason-billies cuist their hods,
And a' at ance began to gabble
Aboot the unfeenished wa's o' Babel.

Shakespeare himself—in Henry Fifte—
To clerk the Lallan made a shift,
An' Homer's oft been heard to mane:
"Woesucks, could I but live again!
Had I the Scottish language kennit
I wad hae clerkt the Iliad in 't!"

(Follows the Aria.)

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
An' witnessed many a ferlie,
Afore that I had clappit e'en
Upo' my billy, Charlie.

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
In lands accountit foreign,
An' had foregathirit wi' a wehen
Ere I fell in wi' Warren.

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
But ne'er was fairly doddered
Till I was trystit as a frien'
Wi' Charlie Warren Stoddard.



The verses by Bret Harte were written nearly forty years ago in an album which Mr. Stoddard had but recently acquired and of which he was very proud:

MARY'S ALBUM

Sweet Mary—maid of San Andreas—
Upon her natal day
Procured an album, double gilt,
Entitled "The Bouquet."

But what its purpose was beyond
Its name, she could not guess;
And so between its gilded leaves
The flowers he gave she'd press.

Yet blame her not, poetic youth!
Nor deem too great the wrong;
She knew not Hawthorne's bloom, nor loved
Macaulay—flowers of song.

Her hymn-book was the total sum
Of her poetic lore,
And having read through Doctor Watts
She did not ask for Moore.

But when she ope'd her book again,
How great was her surprise
To find the leaves on either side
Stained deep with crimson dyes.

And in that rose—his latest gift—
A shapeless form she views,
Its fragrance sped—its beauty fled—
And vanished all its dews.

O Mary—maid of San Andreas!
Too sad was your mistake,
Yet one methinks that wiser folk
Are very apt to make,

Who 'twixt these leaves would fix the shapes
That love and truth assume,
And find they keep, like Mary's rose,
The stain and not the bloom.



A correspondent in Washington writes:

"Have you read 'A Roman Mystery'? It is by Richard Bagot. It sparkles with gems of style and grammar. I recollect a few of them, but not all that I marked. A wolf-maniac, who nearly kills the heroine, is called 'the individual whom she had seen in the garden.' The incident 'considerably upset her.' He accidentally shoots himself, whereupon Bagot says: 'Camillo Montelupi's afflicted existence in this life was over, for he was quite dead.' (I thought of *Punch's* 'almost quite—in fact, very quite.') He is then coffined, and, on quitting the mortuary chamber, the Prince 'leaves him quiet and taking his long rest.' In arranging for an evening reception, the Princess 'put out a portrait which she had had taken of her daughter-in-law on a table for her guests to see.' The reception was 'tolerably animated.' The Princess was surrounded by her relations 'and by one or two friends, among which latter was Cardinal Savatelli.' And so on, for 450 pages. For

grammar,—the Princess says 'If I was her'; the torches 'shone red on the old stones' (but this may be a printer's blunder); the rooms 'were being done up'; a married couple is said to consist of 'two or three people' (which may be the case in Italian society); and split infinitives and end prepositions abound. Generally, the style is that of glib conversation in the servants' hall. What I quote is from memory. I think you will enjoy the 'Mystery.' Who is Richard Bagot anyhow? I can't avoid thinking that he is a woman under a *nom de plume*."

Why a woman? Do men never write banalities or play havoc with grammar?

22

Mr. Lawrence Veiller, Deputy Commissioner of the Tenement House Department, in a recent address assailed people of wealth for living in apartments. "The family is no longer the unit as it used to be," said Mr. Veiller, "and it is a bad thing when we see the wealthy living in great hotels and apartment houses, and at the other end of the town the poor classes crowded into tenements." The reason for this hotel and apartment-house living, Mr. Veiller thinks that he can say, without any injustice to any one, "arises from a desire on the part of the people, to free themselves from all household cares, to show their fine clothes in public dining-rooms, and, in short, to avoid anything that may cause them the slightest trouble." Mr. Veiller's statements may be true, but I have been led to believe that it was the servant question that was driving people into apartment hotels, rather than to show their fine clothes in a public dining-room. I imagine that most of these "cave-dwellers" would prefer to eat in private dining-rooms, but this is not only expensive, but difficult to manage with any degree of comfort. If New York were laid out like any other city, living room would not be so scarce and so expensive, and if independence were not our boast, and if it were not so much more the boast of the alien than the native-born, there might be less

difficulty about securing servants, and then we might all live in houses and snap our fingers at the apartment hotels. People in New York cannot always do what they would like to do. There are many who would enjoy the luxury of a real home, but who are forced by circumstances to content themselves with the modern substitute.

23

Miss Floretta Vining, the owner of a syndicate of newspapers published in Massachusetts towns, has taken a stand in favor of "thrashing" children. It seems that Miss Vining, in her round of visits among her friends, has fallen foul of the most aggravated cases of Young America. During her visiting season Miss Vining dines out every night, and it astonishes her to see the ill-bred manners of children in the homes of her friends. "Where there is only one child, she says, they [sic] seem to own everything, including their fathers and mothers." In Miss Vining's opinion, "nothing short of a good, sound thrashing would avail anything." At one house where Miss Vining was dining "a child took to the dinner-table a novel. She read continually. Soup was set before her; it cooled off." Her mother, with a due regard for manners and her daughter's digestion, said, "Stop reading and eat your dinner," but the child took no notice of her mother's command and kept on. Another plate of soup was brought to her, which she left to cool as she had the first, and after a while this was taken out untouched. "When the meat course came she ate no meat, but crumbled bread into the gravy, reading all the time. The conversation was general, as other guests were present, but she sat opposite me at the table, and I was so mad to see her actions!" One is not surprised that Miss Vining was "mad" or that she thinks "thrashing" would be salutary. "Thrash the children," she says, but it would not be a bad idea to thrash the parents, who are, after all, largely responsible for the conduct of their offspring.

IN MEMORIAM

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

OBIT MAY 12, 1903

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

Sit tibi terra levis

*FAREWELL! O Poet of a purer time,
Whose lips the Muses touched with sacred fire;
Master of trenchant prose, and tenderest rhyme,
Our Nestor of the lyre,*

*A long farewell!—Now age hath lost its dread;
Eyes that were dimmed with honored toil of years
Shall see the long line of illustrious dead—
And there shall be no tears.*

*Perchance in radiant worlds athrill with Song
Thou hear'st angelic voices, passing sweet;
Or, toward thee harping, some celestial throng
Wends down the Golden Street.*

*Whatever shores ethereal thou dost roam
Rest thou hast found, and peace, and labor past:
As some faint carrier-dove, storm-tossed from home,
Reaches her home at last.*

*O lifeless Presence! mute, unknowing clay!
Accept from us our sorrowing hearts' behest,
As, with a sigh, we reverently lay
The laurel on thy breast.*

Norwood, May 13, 1903.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

BY O. C. AURINGER

*SOME bards have changed the glory of the lyre
For brazen trump or hollow-vibrant drum,
And some esteem it greatness but to strum
A string or two amid the love-lorn choir.
Not such was he, whom Beauty did inspire
To bind the rays that from her bright realm come,
Deeply inspired, or eloquently dumb,
As flowed or ebbed the tides of heavenly fire.—
'T is the last ebb.—Where the great dead abide
Voices are heard in the imperial street,
"Welcome, true bard, to the high seats of life!"
Yet, though he feast with glory side by side,
More comfort to his human heart to meet
The immortal eyes of children and of wife!*

A Famous German Publisher

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

THE elder Goschen, about whom this book* is written, was a German publisher, and he had the distinguished honor of publishing the books of Goethe and Schiller. He published the first collected edition of Goethe's works and designed the type for the printing of Wolf's Homer, which is accredited with being as fine an edition of Homer as was ever printed. One would suppose that to have published the works of the greatest German writers of his time would have put money in the pocket of the publisher, but it did not. Whether Goschen published his books too luxuriously, whether he paid his authors too much money, or what, I do not know; I only know what his grandson says, and what the letters and documents in these interesting volumes say, which is,

that he came out at the little end of the horn. Neither Goethe nor Schiller published with him to the end. They began with him, but for reasons went to other publishers,—Goethe because Goschen did not see his way clear to publishing a pamphlet on "Transformation in Plants," which he had written, and which a scientific "reader" told Goschen was no good from a scientific point of view. But, as Goethe wrote to a friend:

It was difficult to understand why he declined to print my pamphlet, as, at the worst, he would, at an insignificant sacrifice of six sheets of waste paper, have kept for himself a fruitful, dependable, contented author, who was coming once more before the public.

It was hard on Goschen that, after losing money on his author, he should have lost the author just at a time when he might have made money by publishing his works, but he seems to have been a man with too many ideals

* "Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer of Leipzig, 1752-1829." With extracts from his correspondence with Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Wieland, Körner, and many other leading authors and men of letters of the time. By his grandson, Viscount Goschen. With illustrations. 2 vols. \$2. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Net, \$12.00.

The Critic

to have been successful in business. If he had said, "What care I for the scientific accuracy of this essay on plants if by publishing it I will hold the distinguished author who wrote it?" he would have kept his author, but he could not do that.

That Schiller should have turned his back upon him was particularly hard, for they not only stood in the relation of author to publisher but they were warm personal friends. Of Schiller in the early days Goschen writes:

For half a year I lived with Schiller in one room. He inspired me with the tenderest friendship and esteem. His gentle demeanor and the gentle tone of his spirit in social gatherings, compared with the productions of his muse, are to me a riddle.

Schiller, however, was not always in this expansive and amiable frame of mind. Goschen could not please him always, though he spent much time and money in trying to do so. In the printing of Schiller's poem "*Carlos*" he took great pains to choose beautiful type which he thought would satisfy the poet. It happened that Schiller was in one of his dyspeptic moods at the time when he received the first sheets. In the spring of 1787 he had become acquainted with Frau von Arnim and her daughter and had fallen passionately in love with the latter fascinating woman. He retired to a village outside of Dresden to recover his health and peace of mind, but bad weather, which prevented his taking exercise, and much beer drinking, to which he told his friends he had taken in sheer desperation, produced a dyspeptic condition which left him in an irritable frame of mind, so he complained that the type was not what he wanted, nor was he suited in the form of the book; in short, the printing had fallen below his expectations, and poor Goschen, who had worked so hard to please him, found his labor thrown away.

Before Schiller had sent the manuscript of "*Carlos*" to Goschen he wrote to him:

We must now really come to a settlement about "*Carlos*." I am nearing the end with rapid steps,

and hope to complete it at latest about the middle of January. Despite the ravages which my file has made and is still making in the first acts, it will still contain from twenty-two to twenty-three sheets, since it is intended to be a complete picture. There are also some new passages and a few scenes to be prefixed which are absolutely necessary to make the piece perfect.

I should have preferred to have contracted with you for it as a whole, and will even now leave you the choice. It cannot be less than twenty-two sheets, provided the size and type of "*Nathan*" are employed. I ask twelve thalers for each separate sheet, and if you will make a price for the whole I will give it to you for the sum of fifty louis d'ors.

This is only my humble opinion, the result of my calculation of the time and trouble bestowed, and of consultation with my friends.

In addition I stipulate for a dozen copies. . . .

Schiller seemed to have acted treacherously toward Goschen, for he went over to the rival house of Cotta, which, in the end, bought out the Goschen business.

As already explained, it was because he declined the pamphlet on plants that Goethe turned his back upon Goschen. How Goschen worded his letter returning the manuscript is not known, but it is known that either the terms of the letter or the fact of the manuscript's refusal gave deep offence. In 1791, when the Collected Works of Goethe had been completed, Goschen appears to have offered him his services for further writings, to which the poet replied:

I thank you for the books you have sent me, and for the kindly feelings towards me which your letter shows; I wish I could do you some pleasure in return. I was sorry that you should have refused the little essay on Metamorphosis; it obliged me to look about for another publisher and to enter into new relations which I cannot immediately break off. In the future I shall probably do more work in natural science than in poetry; I have a certain stock of manuscript of both kinds on hand, but this must first be worked up and only published when the proper time comes. By Michaelmas I shall risk the publication of a new Theory of Colors. I can assure you most sincerely that I should have wished very much to have seen all in the hands of one person.

I am at work on a novel of some length, and shall have more occasion to work for the stage than hitherto.

With regard to my Italian journey, everything is still in arrear. A little volume of Elegies which I wrote in Rome, and one of Epigrams which came into existence in Venice, are also on hand, and are waiting for the moment when they may appear.

Since—as you yourself say—my works do not go off so well as those of others who hit the taste of a larger public, I must in consequence go to work as circumstances may direct, and foresee, to my regret, that the publication of my future writings will be quite scattered.

I have not lost sight of my first books, and am correcting a copy, as time permits, so as to be ready on my part if a new edition should be thought necessary or advisable.

I wish you every happiness, and I commend myself to your kind remembrance.

In a letter to a friend, Goethe writes more on the same subject:

I had promised to give him the refusal of my future works before offering them to others, a condition which I have always considered to be fair. I therefore announced to him that a little essay was ready of a scientific nature, which I desired to have printed. I will not stop to inquire whether it was that he entertained no great hopes from my work, or whether in this case, as I could imagine, he took information from experts as to what might be thought of such a sudden leap into another field. Enough: it was rather difficult to understand why he declined to print my pamphlet, as, at the worst, he would, at an insignificant sacrifice of six sheets of waste paper, have kept for himself a fruitful, dependable, contented author, who was coming once more before the public.

Goschen seems to have been sentimental and romantic, but that was the order of the day in Germany. Even Wieland, who was the least sentimental of Germans, describes his meeting with Goethe:

To-day I have seen him for the first time in his complete splendor—in his complete, beautiful, pure

humanity. In a moment of ecstasy I knelt down beside him, pressed my soul to his heart, and worshipped God!

The ladies who push their way up to the platform at a Paderewski concert could not be more enthusiastic than this. When Wieland visited Goschen, during the last years of his life, he was received by his publisher in an equally hysterical manner:

On an island formed by a stream in a garden where Goschen had a pleasant summer retreat, a temple was built containing Wieland's bust. From this structure, as Wieland approached, two boys in Greek costume sallied forth with a Grecian car, carrying the first volume of the edition de luxe of the great work, and advanced to meet the poet. At the same time a beautiful woman, Goschen's sister-in-law, placed a laurel wreath on Wieland's brow. The emotion of the sensitive poet can easily be imagined, and history tells us that, folding my grandfather in his arms, he burst into tears!

While Goschen seems to have been most sentimental in the conduct of his business, in the affairs of the heart he was not as much so. In a letter in which he offered marriage to a charming girl, who, by the way, when the present Lord Goschen saw her, had developed into a "serious and rather formidable old lady," he describes himself with some minuteness. "I am," he says, "exceptionally sensitive to every kind of beauty . . . I am very ambitious. . . . I was never trained to good order. . . . You can make me unspeakably happy; but, as I have learned to renounce felicity, you will not make me unhappy even if you say 'No.'" Which shows that in spite of the romance and sentimentality in his composition Goschen was a bit of a philosopher.



The Stage as a Moral Institution

By HENRY DAVIES, Lecturer on Aesthetics in Yale University

THE present state of dramatic art in this country hardly warrants optimism. Our trouble is not an inadequate knowledge of the splendid achievements of the past. Nor does it seem to be a lack of insight into the sources of enjoyment afforded by the present. It lies rather in our lack of a clear conception of the relation of art to morals, a fact which naturally cuts us off from the best in the past, and lowers the standard of the stage as we now know it.

It may be assumed, in this critical review, that dramatic art depends for its power and permanence, *as art*, upon its ability to stir our emotions and to instruct our minds through speech and action, so that we are led to form sound judgments about life. The drama that does not both please and instruct, that does not compel a judgment of approval or disapproval at the same time that it kindles our senses with the pleasing mask of acting, is, I take it, defective drama. Not that certain forms of acting—vaudeville, for example—may not make pleasure more obviously the object than instruction. This is freely admitted. But even these more imitative forms of dramatic art cannot be artistic, and simply amuse us, without injuring the influence of the stage. It is not only false as art, but it is bad morals,—and bad art is always bad morals,—for all art, and therefore dramatic art, must hold up the mirror of truth to life and make us pleased with the portrayal.

We are, aesthetically, a very crude nation. Our taste is still decidedly imitative and sensual, fond of show—spectacular. It is also true that we are daringly experimental, and use every means to familiarize ourselves with the materials and possibilities of art. We certainly have a great future especially in dramatic and musical art. But at present the imitative and the sensual have the boards. The bulk of plays recently produced on American soil are

light, realistic, mirthful, representing no special philosophy of life; they are written to charm and amuse, not to impress us morally. Even the dramatization of successful novels, which has recently usurped the place of independent creation in dramatic literature, has only operated to confirm this tendency. The practice is leading to the confusion of literary forms. For the novelist today must consider the chances he has of having his work reset for stage purposes, and this tends to turn the novelist into a play-writer. On the other hand, the play-writer tends to become the mere adapter of other men's creations, and so the freedom of creation is curtailed. In either case the stage suffers in its *morale*. The effect of these things on the taste of the theatre-going public is not altogether beneficial. A play like "The Little Minister," for example, considered in itself, can have only good influences on an audience; but, after all, is it *art*? Is the dramatized novel creative stage work or *only* adaptation? For moral effect a novel may be staged; but for the highest dramatic effect the dramatized novel is never anything more than a temporary and partial success. Such plays fail of permanence—and will continue to fail—because the artist creates at second hand. A more serious fault lies in the fact that when the novel becomes a play it steps out of its own legitimate field of the imagination and ceases to be art, in order to become a sensuous reality. Only a nation that reads practically nothing but novels will accept its plays thus at second hand. This is a sign of our crudity in matters of art. It is more than doubtful if the Russians or Germans would value a play like Hall Caine's "The Christian," or even "Quo Vadis?" as staged among us.

The present condition of dramatic art, as represented by the stage, shows that what is lacking is a serious motive to create true works of art, a purpose

to instruct as well as amuse. It shows as well that a serious public is lacking. It is these persons that are involved in the task of raising the stage to its position as a moral institution. Let us see how.

The first condition of improvement is, of course, the production of a genuine dramatic literature, built upon the best models, reflecting the ideal of beauty, and yet representing life; a literature that shall not be ashamed of comparison with the classics, and at the same time be true to its own psychological and sociological climate; a literature that is sufficient as art and at the same time concrete enough for practical purposes; a literature that by its very spirit and diction tends to dignify the actor in his own sight and raise the taste of the public that witnesses its interpretation. That such a literature is lacking is to be accounted for, primarily, by the fact that the motive to its creation is lacking. The practical play-writer, indeed, doubts if such a literature can be produced in our time. He argues that a play should not aim at literary perfection, nor seek to convey moral impressions. It should simply portray life as it is and leave the judgment of the observer to condemn or approve its morals. The controversy over "Sapho" showed this. There are, as the play-writer knows, limits to this view which have been defined in our law books and beyond which he dare not step without punishment. And I take exception with him on still deeper ground. The error of realism, from which our drama is suffering, consists in omitting from its view the higher nature of man. Now it is safe to say, I think, that no artist can create a work of enduring merit by limiting himself to this "higher" nature, or by studying *only* moral effect. The contention of realism is true so far as it goes: the material of art is life, life as we know it in its length, breadth, depth, and height; but life, the realist often fails to see, can be interpreted only from its highest levels. As soon as we see this, the vacuity of realism becomes so obvious that the ponderous claim about "life as it really is" be-

comes nothing but an illusion. The prick of sensation in art, as Professor James says, is the intrusion of the personal, and the essence of personality is moral struggle. If, therefore, the play-writer would create a dramatic literature that truly interprets life, he must puncture the impersonal realism so much affected in his practice and depict life as a conflict of character, or moral idealism.

But, the play-writer argues, shifting his base, dramatic art must often represent life without reference to the moral ideal, because the life of average humanity often lacks it and because "the public" resents its intrusion. It is such contentions as these that try the moral fibre of play-writers; and it is not surprising perhaps, considering poor human nature, that they mostly yield their assent. The idea seems to be that the stage is to mirror actuality without reference to a final cause or moral motive. Now, whatever may be the verdict of "the public," such representations cannot be considered good art; for bad morals is always bad art; nor would such plays be judged good by any properly qualified audience. In other words, the play-writer is bound to consider, not only the morals of his own creations, but also the effect such creations are likely to have on the morals of the public. This is a point in criticism too little reflected upon by play-writers and actors alike. All the fine spiritual subtlety of the drama is involved in it. I am not going beyond my book when I say that the great bulk of modern plays leaves the audience without any bracing sense of the meaning and value of life, but rather with a feeling of surfeit, as though the digestion had been overtaxed. How different the clear air of a Shakespearian comedy! How spontaneous, free, lifelike it all is! What a fine sense of proportion and finality is displayed! The contention of the modern play-writer that the average morality of the public does not permit the enjoyment of moral and elevating drama; that his business is to portray life as it is, is only the error of realism over again. The contention, at bottom

(and here I return to my original point), involves the moral responsibility of the play-writer. Is it the duty of the dramatist to create permanent literature if he can? or is realism the true point of view? For my own part, as a critic, I do not hesitate to oppose the latter claim. As regards the former, the situation is plainly this: the noblest dramatic art bases itself on the higher motives. Given these motives, dramatic artists will naturally interpret life in terms of idealism; they will capture our senses only to reach our minds, and thence penetrate to the sanctuary of the soul. The plays produced under these conditions could not fail to elevate the stage. That the main drift of dramatic art is still sensual, pandering to the realistic idol, is due, in large measure, to the realistic atmosphere of the modern play.

Next to the creation of a dramatic literature free from the taint of servitude to realism, I think the largest responsibility for the reform of the theatre rests with the actor. Personal experience leads me to believe that, in many important respects, the actor is as great a factor as the play-writer; for he has his freedom to reject a play that is not thoroughly artistic. But the fact that actors study what the public want shows that they, too, have made the fatal compromise which tends to lower the influence of the stage as a moral institution. And for the most part he finds that realism suits the spirit of the age, and realism, therefore, he will give his audiences. The consequence is, acting tends to become affected, strained, and unnatural—in a word, impersonal. Compare with this the acting of Booth or Barrett, which was thoroughly imbued with their own personality; it was sincere, earnest, even noble. We meet here, on the ground of the actor, the same problem that we met on the ground of the play-writer,—the problem of realism and idealism. It is one of the nicest questions in dramatic aesthetics whether actors should hide their personalities in the part played, or whether their own ideals should penetrate it. Differently stated: Should the actor be in-

wardly indifferent to his rôle, yet concerned to produce the right effect on the audience; or should he support his rôle with his own emotions, presuming they are the emotions appropriate to the part played? This question has been ably discussed by one of the best of modern critics, Mr. William Archer, in his little work entitled "Masks and Faces." The reply, in general terms, seems to be as follows: those actors produce the most artistic influence who are most successful in assuming, through sympathy, a perfect moral identity with the part they play, and think, *after this relation has been established*, of how to transmit their ideals to the audience; technique is second only to interpretation. The true actor thinks first of his own ideals of life and character; it is his task "to create the part,"—a work in which he may often go beyond anything dreamed of by the play-writer. Now this is a great undertaking, and the way it is done is the sure index to the conscientious work of the actor; for he has not only to make others realize the interior character of his impersonation, but he has also to conceive and carry the organism of the play and the preconceived dramatic goal of the composition in his mind as well. He has to do this without devitalizing either side—a task which requires not only a well-trained æsthetic intelligence, but moral insight of the highest kind as well. Now on the presupposition of realism the actor need not trouble himself about these complex questions. All he has to do is to hold up life as it is, to sink his own feelings; his part is "a mask," not literally "a face." I have already pointed out the error of this philosophy—its superficiality; and to it we may trace the absence of great actors on the stage to-day. True actors have invariably been idealists, *i. e.*, they have been artists as well as actors. Such do always impart an element of idealism, a dignity and moral value to any part they interpret, because they bring to it not only good training, sound technique, but also sincere purpose, large interpretative imagination, and a feeling for the fitness of things on the stage.

The educative influence of the stage is so great that the loss of the ideal side of the actor's art is missed more quickly there than anywhere. Actors must, therefore, lay this lesson to heart, that if they would elevate the taste of the people, if they would change the mode of judging of life, it must be by the influence of a nobly played part. The actor's "mask" should actually be a "face," in which the observer, his senses kindled and captured, sees the play of conflicting moral standards, and, by what he sees, is pleased and instructed—led, in a word, to form a healthy and sound judgment of art and life.

But there is another and final condition of reform—the education of public taste. The responsibility for the degenerate tendencies of the drama does not rest wholly on the play-writer and actor. The people, the great public—whose infallibility is not so unquestionable as certain French critics would have us believe—quite as often fail to appreciate the better kind of play through lack of dramatic education, and overwork. The latter cause—the fact that people are too tired in these days for serious drama—naturally creates the demand for amusement rather than instruction; though I think this demand is greatly exaggerated. We still remain, however, pathetically blind to the glories of Shakespeare, and conventional and unintelligent in regard to grand opera. Whether this state of things continues depends somewhat upon the question whether the strenuous commercialism of modern life continues, and whether we shall settle down to new and more worthy ideals of social evolution after the present acute phase of progress shall have been passed. Whilst it lasts the public is unfitted, by its habits of life, to enter into the higher and nobler elements of the drama; amusement is the chief need of our times and natures.

My hopes and fears for dramatic art centre round the task of creating right tastes among the people. This is a large work, which some have already prejudged to be impossible of consummation, but without proper investiga-

tion. The stage will never lose its hold on the public. The only question is where to begin to make it the vehicle of the best influences. Now I think three things are obvious here. In the first place, much can be expected from the gradual introduction of art studies into our schools, colleges, and universities. The drama has not yet come in for its share of attention, but it surely will, as soon as our teachers are as wise as Froebel and Pestalozzi. Surely the time is not far distant when a man's education will include so much knowledge of art as will enable him to judge what is good drama, or to come to it able to feel highly, and judge its nobler qualities. An intelligent recognition of the equality of aesthetic with ethic and logic as a "culture-interest" is a step which is as inevitable as the progress of human thought, and I cannot see why this step should not be taken soon. What is needed is money to endow "chairs" in our universities devoted to the study and teaching of matters relating to the culture of the feelings. Here is, indeed, a new and attractive field for our millionaires. Pious founders in the past gave their money to endow chairs of logic, metaphysics, and theology. There are, perhaps, enough of these, at least for the present. But art is hardly even recognized in the modern university, and we wonder at the low state of the public taste!

Another step which would greatly aid the recovery of the moral functions of the stage is the cultivation of closer relations with other institutions which have direct bearing on the education of public taste. The weakness of the stage is due largely to its isolation; it often lacks the interest which comes from close contact with the life of the people; modest and sensible people often think of it as a sort of hothouse where nothing but exotics are raised. How true this judgment is is seen from the biographies of actors, which, for the most part, are melancholy reading, because their lives are so one-sided. Let the stage and the dramatic profession keep close to the life of men. Let them not despise any institution

which shapes in any way, however small, the tastes of the public. The stage can learn something for its own good from the church, the political meeting, the struggle of the democracy for supremacy, and from the world-movements which stir the heart of humanity in these days.

Finally, we should form the practice of attending only the best dramatic performances and exert our influence against any and all forms of the degradation of the stage. If people of culture and intelligence were more positive in approving good plays, bad ones would be more easily crowded out. The moral elevation of the stage depends upon the encouragement afforded to the *best* in dramatic creation and acting, and if those best able to judge are not outspoken in approval where there is merit, how

shall the public know what lead to follow?

These are but the merest hints in this great problem, but I think that if they were followed the stage would gradually feel a new spirit taking possession of it, the outward and visible token of which would be, first, an independent dramatic literature bearing the marks not only of patient labor but of inspiration, and, second, a new type of acting completely worthy of the best traditions of the profession. At present, it is to be feared, other influences prevail, though the outcome can hardly be in doubt, for art can never die. It springs, phoenix-like, out of the dead forms of unproductive periods, and, with newer inventions of beauty, resumes its pristine influence over men. So surely will it be with the modern stage when its moral mission is fully appreciated by play-writer, actor, and public.

Thackeray's Kindness to Children

By MARY KING CLARKE

YOU have asked me to write some of my experience of the old days when I was young, and I shall begin with my first dinner party, at my grandfather's, Charles King, at that time President of Columbia College. The two guests on that notable occasion were William Makepeace Thackeray and William Cullen Bryant, and the reason of my being there was but another of the many instances of Thackeray's kindness to children.

Our acquaintance began on board a steamer coming from the South, and I was an awkward, overgrown girl between ten and eleven years old. Can I ever forget the dismal rainy day when my mother and I embarked from Charleston on our homeward trip to New York on one of those miserable little side-wheelers then running between those two ports!

Shabby, wretched little steamers, that pitched and tossed like egg-shells, smelling strongly of tar and bilge-water,

and whose tiny state-rooms offered but poor accommodations for my invalid mother. I can dimly picture that rainy day; the forlorn couple who boarded the little craft; the frail, lovely mother and the pale-faced, anxious child, accompanied by many kind friends with their arms full of flowers and comforts for the invalid. They placed us under the special care of the jolly, kind-hearted captain, and with many parting injunctions to me to watch carefully the dear invalid, they finally took their leave, knowing only too well they would never see my mother again on earth.

The rain forced us into our state-room, where we arranged our belongings as well as we could, for our sea voyage; then my mother bade me amuse myself by going into the saloon. I wandered forlornly about it, finding the only occupant to be an elderly man who seemed as solitary as I. Feeling very despondent I turned to leave the uninteresting place when a voice called

me, "Come here, little girl!" I found I was being addressed by the elderly gentleman, and, hesitating a little, I obeyed him.

His rugged face was not unkindly, and his heart, always tender towards children, discerned that here was a most unhappy child. So he exerted all of his marvellous power and for one hour told me wonderful tales, only stopping when he had changed my sad little face to a most happy one. I attached myself to my new friend and watched his every glance, feeling quite jealous when I saw his eyes brighten as they looked at the pretty girl who sat opposite us at the table. He took a kindly interest in the openly displayed admiration of a dark-eyed Southern youth for the same pretty girl, and apparently took great interest in this budding love affair, which ripened as the days flew by.

We met some heavy storms, when the little steamer seemed at the mercy of the winds and waves. Women wept and prayed, but my friend stationed himself near our state-room and bade me assure my mother that he would be near us in case of possible danger. The waves tossed us unmercifully, and once the pretty girl was thrown against my big friend, and clung to him gladly, while her slim lover glared at him fiercely, and I beat her with my childish hands, crying in my wrath, "He's mine; my friend, not yours; go to your own little man!"

There was a depth of sadness in my friend's voice as he caught my little hands and said: "Alas, poor child, what fiery tempests are reserved for you before this hot, jealous little heart shall have learned life's lesson!"

Soon we sighted New York and I eagerly sought my friend and asked him if he would make a long stay in our city. "That depends very much on how I am treated there," he replied. "I have some letters to present, and shall call first on Mr. Charles King of Columbia College." "Why," I cried delightedly, "he is my grandfather." My friend was much interested, and as we parted expressed a wish that we might meet again.

A short time after his arrival in the city he called upon my grandfather, who was then living in a house assigned to the President, inside the College grounds, away downtown, not far from old Trinity Church.

After the usual preliminaries were over and my grandfather had expressed his pleasure at meeting the distinguished writer, he asked his visitor when he would dine with them and whom he would like invited to meet him. Thackeray hesitated a moment, then said: "Mr. King, I should like you to ask a little girl I met on the steamer coming from the South; she told me her name was Mary King." My grandfather was deeply touched at Mr. Thackeray's description of our journey and said he would gladly allow me to come, but added: "Is there not one of our own writers you would care to meet?" To which Thackeray replied: "I have long desired to know Mr. William Cullen Bryant, and should feel greatly indebted to you for giving me that pleasure."

My grandfather asked him if he had told me his name. "No," said the great man, "my name would mean nothing to such a child." An amused smile stole over my grandfather's face, for he knew how eagerly I had devoured all the books I could reach in his library, and that I had scarcely passed over the works of Thackeray.

"Watch her face when she hears your name, and you will find that even our children are well acquainted with the great English writer."

While this was passing at the College study, far uptown in one of the side streets I lay sobbing on my bed, feeling as though my heart would break because I had missed my arithmetic lesson, and the girls had laughed at my ignorance; I cried as if life had nothing left for me. At last, to divert my thoughts my aunt proposed a walk to my grandfather's and soon, drying my eyes and swallowing my sobs, I skipped away down Broadway, little dreaming of the honor in store for me. Arriving at the house, the warm welcome of my relatives proved balm for my wounded spirit, and when my

grandmother gave me a formal invitation to meet two friends of my grandfather's, there was a delicious sense of mystery about all of the family that told me this was no ordinary occasion. "May I sit next to Molly?" I cried. Molly was near my own age and my boon companion. "No, dear," said my grandmother; "one of the gentlemen has asked to have you sit next to him." "And won't you open your eyes when you hear who has honored you!" laughed Molly; "but I sha'n't tell you, so you need not ask." At last the great day arrives, and dressed in my best frock, a most impatient little maid, I arrive at my grandfather's, long before the appointed time. At last I am allowed to enter the drawing-room where my grandmother and grandfather are entertaining their two guests. My grandfather calls me: "Come, Mary, have you ever met this gentleman before? Let me introduce you to Mr. Thackeray." "What!" I say, with a quick, startled glance, "Mr. Thackeray? why, no, that is my steamer friend," and I hold tight to his hand, unwilling to leave him even for a moment to greet the other guest, our own poet, until I am recalled to my manners by my grandmother, and hold out a cold little hand to Mr. Bryant, then spring back to "my own friend," where I whisper, "Are you really Mr. Thackeray?" Upon being reassured on this point I cry: "What do I care if I *am* foot of the arithmetic class; the girls dare not laugh at Mr. Thackeray's friend!"

The picture of that dinner party rises vividly before me, and again I see the quaint, old-fashioned room, the shining mahogany table with its faultless dam-

ask and array of sparkling glass and handsome old silver. At one end sat my grandfather, one of the stateliest men I have ever seen; at the other, my grandmother, who to my childish imagination closely resembled Marie Antoinette. Our poet, Mr. Bryant, graced one side with his noble, intellectual face, and on the other sat Mr. Thackeray and the happiest, proudest little girl in the city. The talk at the table was brilliant. I listened with my eyes as well as my ears, but alas! memory will not reproduce one of the many good things so freely said that evening. All too soon my grandmother rose and looked at me to accompany her and leave the gentlemen to their wine. The ready tears started to my eyes. "So soon!" I murmured, when Thackeray interposed in my behalf and begged that I might stay. Upon my promising not to say one word my wish was granted, but alas! I broke my word, and it was Thackeray who tempted me, for he spoke of my pleasure at the table, and turning to Mr. Bryant I said: "Yes, and the day I received the invitation I thought I was the most unhappy girl in the world." The poet leaned forward sympathetically and asked, gently, "And why, my poor child?" "Because of the most devilish thing on earth!" I said, vehemently. There was silence. I caught the shocked looks, and trembled, until Thackeray, with a look of perfect sympathy, said: "Pet Marjorie's seven times seven." I was saved.

Since then I have met many distinguished men, but none can ever take the place of the hero of my childhood, William Makepeace Thackeray.



Artist Life in New York

In the Days of Oliver Horn

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

WHEN Oliver Horn sat disconsolate within the iron gates of Union Square, near Miss Teetum's boarding house, which was in the afternoon shadow of

their upper lofts into small rooms with skylights. There were studios in the old University on Washington Square, while the principal colony of artists



DRAWING BY EDWIN A. ABBEY ON A LETTER TO F. HOPKINSON SMITH

the "Bronze Horse," the studio world of New York lay mostly to the south of him. From below Prince Street the Broadway buildings had turned

was in the new Tenth Street studio building built by John Taylor Johnston in 1857. This was the first studio building constructed in New York. It

The Critic

was quite in the heart of the best society, which thronged its receptions for years. The Academy of Design itself, where Oliver and Fred Stone and Margaret Grant drew from the cast, was hard by at 58 East 13th Street

The arrival of Oliver Horn was before the war, however, and the period Mr. Smith aims to reproduce in his book, and from which he draws his characters, is somewhat later. The Stone Mug Club, into which Oliver and

Cold Spring Harbor.
Sept. 4th '79

Dear old boy,

I was in New York yesterday, and made a big effort to call on you, and really



: in Red Whales boats

came my man doing it, but
was obliged to give it up, or lose
train. I am largely enjoying
this place and think so often
of you, and if soon you would
allow me to speak in its train
too. The variety here is some-
thing quite wonderful, and
I must impress upon you that

PAGE OF A LETTER TO F. HOPKINSON SMITH FROM ARTHUR QUARTLEY

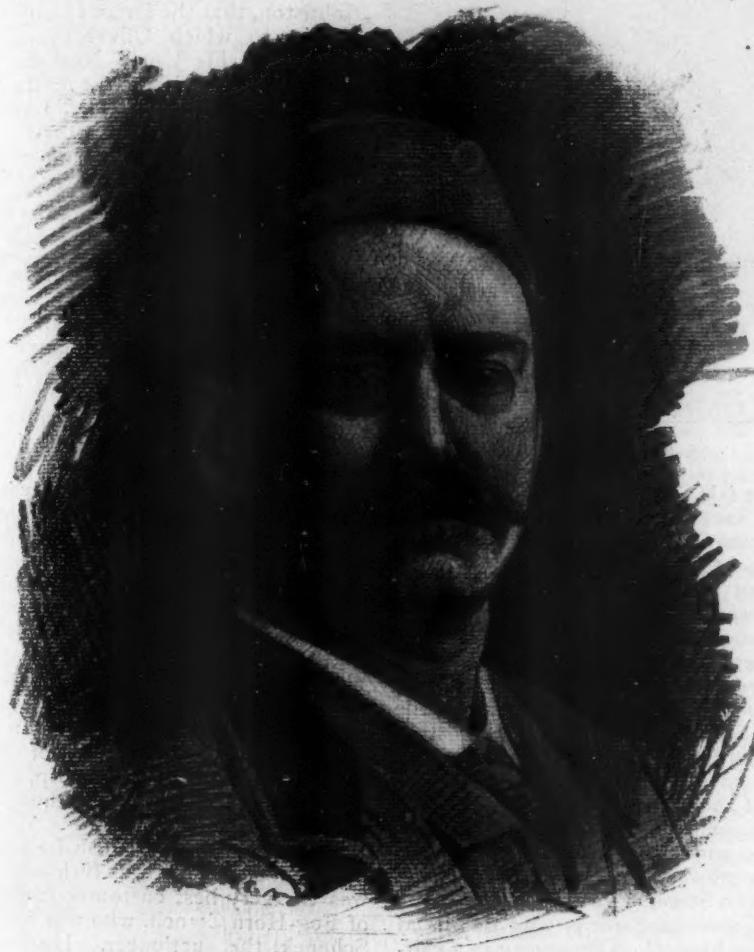
near the corner of Broadway. Asher B. Durand was the President, and Thomas S. Cummings was in charge of the school, as he was also of the art classes of the New York University. There were a few studios in Union Square and straggling up Broadway, but as late as 1870 the studio world was below 34th Street.

his friends were admitted, was the famous Tile Club which flourished during the eighties.

Julius Bianchi, the lithographer of the Teetum boarding-house period, was twenty years older when, as Bianchi the photographer, he brought the beautiful Polish Countess into one of the very early meetings of the Tile Club.

It was in the studio of Arthur Quartley, at No. 1 Union Square, that "The Woman in Black" changed her stockings, and she was usually chaperoned by Madame Blavatsky, the high priestess of theosophy, who claimed to be

three-and-a-half-story building at the corner of 14th Street and Broadway, known as No. 1 and 2 Union Square. John Duncan's Sons, wholesale grocers, occupied the corner store, and a common stairway led to the upper floor,



PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR QUARTLEY BY GEORGE MAYNARD

several centuries old and should therefore have been a wonderfully discreet chaperon.

The Stone Mugs were organized in the same room where the Tile Club held its first meeting, in the old white

which was cut up into small studios. Jack Bedford was in No. 1, up five extra steps, where the author of "Oliver Horn" often dropped in of a morning on his way down-town, and Bianchi came at all times of day. What became



NAPOLEON SARONY

of the fair Countess is a mystery. She may have gone away to India with Madame Blavatsky and her disciple, Colonel Olcott.

Most of the artists who figure in "Oliver Horn" are characters drawn from members of the Tile Club. Some of them are composite in character or are treated with such freedom as to be unrecognizable as real persons, while other Stone Mugs represent unmistakable prototypes. Fred Stone is Hal Bispham the animal painter, who was one of the early boarders at Miss Teetum's, who, by the way, was Miss Seton, and the house still stands on the northwest corner of 4th Avenue and 16th Street. Julius Bianchi is the late Napoleon Sarony, who delighted to show himself on Broadway in a calf-skin waistcoat, hairy side out, an Astrakan cap, and his trousers tucked into cavalry boots, accompanied by his wife in a costume by Worth. Jack Bedford, who is presented without any attempt at disguise, is the late Arthur Quartley, the first of American marine painters, and the best of good fellows,

who died in Washington Square of a disease contracted in Venice. The Hon. Parker Ridgway is a portrait painter who was well known in Oliver's time, but who has since abandoned the brush for the pen. It was in the great antique studio of Wm. M. Chase, in the Tenth Street building built by John Taylor Johnston, that the famous banquet was served to which Oliver brought his father and his Uncle Nathan. Simmons, who furnished the extra violin to Richard Horn, was Dr. Luneberg. Krug was Antonio Knauth, the club 'Cellist. "Batterson, the big baritone," was Baird, of the Stock Exchange. Munson, the blue-eyed, who lost his foil at the hands of the old Virginian, seems to have been Wm. M. Chase.

We shall place the author in the shoes of Oliver, which will fit him very well except as a singer and portrait painter, and having assumed that the new member, Watson, with his studies from the coast of Normandy, was the late Charles Stanley Reinhart, the illustrator, we will hob-nob a little further with the Stone Mugs.

In their time, little Bianchi with his big mustache was the swell photographer of New York. All the distinguished foreigners who came to these shores passed through his hands. From the Grand Duke Alexis to the Emperor of Brazil, they all wrote their names and their sentiments in his autograph album. His business occupied a whole building in Union Square, above the store on the ground floor; and a little hydraulic elevator, capable of lifting two or three passengers at a trip, carried his sitters at a snail's pace to the camera room on the fifth floor.

When Bianchi was flush he bought bric-a-brac and pictures furiously, and was the very best customer for curios of Fog-Horn Cranch, who was Edward Schenck, the auctioneer. He bought pictures at Leavitt's and at the Academy exhibitions, and his place became a sort of dumping-ground of the dealers in unsalable idols, tattered tapestry, and indigent crocodiles. The Stone Mugs in later years held their weekly evenings in Bianchi's reception room, which was the second floor of the build-

ing. In fact, the long working table of the club was set up in one end of the room, leaving more than half the space a dim vista of stuffed birds, Russian sleighs, Chinese gods, and ancient armor. The walls were covered with pictures, arrangements of arms, and cabinets of pottery, while festoons of odd curios hung from the ceiling. Beside the entrance door stood an Egyptian mummy in its yellow swathing, which was so dilapidated through the curious probings of the Stone Mugs and the Salmagundians, who also met there, that it became necessary to cover the case with a wire screen.

Although the Stone Mugs had various meeting places in those days, it was here that Oliver and his friends often met to paint and drink beer and tell wonderful stories. Here came Jack Bedford from 1 Union Square; and



THE TENTH STREET STUDIO BUILDING

Munson from Tenth Street, in a flat-rimmed, Latin Quarter hat, and leading a white Russian greyhound; and Waller and Watson and Crug and Simmons, and a dozen more who do not appear in the book.

It was here that the original version of Colonel "Cy-arter" was told a hundred times before amplification was thought of—before its author had written "*La-guerre's*" or a line for publication. In those days it was just a five-minute yarn of a Southern colonel who attempted to "borrow the loan" of a postage stamp from the carpet-bag postmaster at Cy-artersville, in order to "communicate, sah," with his factor in New Orleans for an advance on his next year's cotton crop, and being refused he was compelled as a gentleman to shoot the "damned Yankee postmaster."

The Stone Mugs were young men of budding reputation, either artistic or literary, who developed later into famous sculptors, authors, architects, and painters. Bald heads were almost unknown, and yet Jack Bedford wore a Japanese skull-cap of woven wire, and Bianchi, who had become prematurely bald, sported a scratch wig. Bianchi was almost a dwarf, and he



NAPOLEON SARONY IN LATER LIFE

The Critic

delighted to make himself still smaller as he entered a room by crouching and walking in that position, with his wig pulled down to his eyebrows. In later years he discarded the wig altogether. Dear old Bianchi, you were devoted to your rubber of whist, and to your vichy and milk and a bite of camembert before going to bed! He was also devoted to his charcoal studies of the nude, in his little den on the third floor, and his hands usually bore traces of such work. One night when he was engaged in his favorite game, a friend came in with the exclamation, "Hello, old man, I see you've got your black gloves on!" This did n't disturb Bianchi in the least, but the twirl of a thumb on his bald head caused him to lay down his cards and ask his friend rather indignantly, why he did n't sit

on it? "Because," replied the other, looking down on the egg-shaped cranium, "I'm afraid I might hatch it out."

With all his eccentricities, however, it should be remembered of Bianchi that he was always the generous enthusiast ready to help the struggling artist—lavish in his favors when he was flush and improvident in giving when his own affairs were under a cloud. He had a fine scorn for anything that was mean.

Oliver Horn saw many changes in the art world of New York. In the flush period of inflation that followed the Civil War, the *nouveaux riches* who suddenly appeared as art collectors ignored the American artists, buying exclusively the work of foreign painters. George A. Leavitt & Co., at 817 Broadway, below 13th Street, were the popular picture auctioneers of that day. Meyer von Bremen, Verboeckhoven with his white sheep, and Preyer, who painted fruit and nuts about a glass of champagne, with the bubbles rising through the wine and a fly on the fruit, were the prime favorites. No collection at that time was complete without an example of these masters.

It was in this period that *Scribner's Monthly*, which afterwards became the *Century Magazine*, under the enterprising control of the late Roswell Smith, gave the first impetus to American wood-engraving, and it is to Alexander W. Drake, as art manager of those publications, himself an engraver, the credit belongs of guiding and fostering this remarkable achievement in American art. It was



THE OLD ACADEMY OF DESIGN, WHERE OLIVER HORN DREW FROM THE CAST

to Mr. Drake's patience and gentleness, advising and coaxing the headstrong engravers, who in the end yielded to his influence, that his success was due—and some of the earliest triumphs of these same engravers was in rendering the texture of drawings made by the companions of Oliver Horn. It was in this period that the Etching Club flourished as an adjunct to the Water Color Society, while the Salmagundi Sketch Club was giving its yearly exhibitions at the Academy, where the best work of the illustrators was shown alongside the engraver's interpretation.

It was in the Tile Club period, in the early eighties, that American art began another vigorous advance. The American Galleries in Twenty-third Street had succeeded Leavitt & Co. as popular auctioneers and the Barbizon school had taken the place of Meyer von Bremen and his fellows in popular favor. The younger element in the Academy under the leadership of Wm. M. Chase and Walter Shirlaw, who had just returned from Munich, succeeded from the older institution.

The new Society of American Artists gave its first exhibition at the American Galleries, which, as the name would indicate, aimed to encourage native art, while continuing to handle the sales of the great collections of foreign paintings as they came upon the market. Chickering Hall, the scene of many memorable sales of this epoch, has disappeared from Fifth Avenue during the past summer.

One of the out-of-town resorts for the artists in the early eighties was Cold Spring Harbor, an old whaling port on the north shore of Long Island, where the principal industry was the dismantling and burning of old ships. Individual Stone Mugs spent a summer there from time to time, and once the whole club went down from the city for a winter's night—and roasted Richard Conklin's oysters over his open wood fires. What a lovely study of an old red whale-boat Jack Bedford made on the wrecking beach one summer morn-



MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH FROM A DRAWING BY GLACKENS

ing, and how enthusiastic two of the Stone Mugs were when Jack showed it in the long hall of the old Conklin house,—the hall with the half doors, and the side windows looking on the harbor through the willow trees, and the Colonial stairs in the deep archway.

Oliver himself was fond of making water-color studies in the grounds about the gambrel-roofed house, and he had a method of work that was peculiar to himself. At that time he used a block of gray charcoal paper and a box of soft colors in pans. After he had sketched in his subject with charcoal and corrected the drawing with burnt sienna and black, he provided himself with a full bucket of water. First he cleansed his pans of the opaque color left from the last study, and then the washes went on freely with loaded brushes and ran down and settled in blotches. The thin paper crinkled and swelled into hills and valleys, and then grew taut again, showing delightful



MR. WILLIAM M. CHASE

accidental effects in the washes. It was a favorite expression of Oliver's in those days, that it took two men to paint a picture; one to do the work and another to kill him when he had done enough.

Jack Bedford, too, had a favorite expression when he was enthusiastic over his work—which was always—to the effect that if he could n't paint in Heaven, he did n't want to go there.

It was a great night when Oliver came down to Richard Conklin's for the first time on Jack's invitation. He came by the stage just before supper—two miles from the station—mostly through the woods until the road ran suddenly into the golden mist of the sunset lighting the old harbor and the low mill and the church on the dam—past the ponds carpeted with lily-pads and the shallow mill-race and under the bowsprit of the schooner on the ways, jangling its chains overhead, and so between the old willows on the shore and the high garden wall up to the gate.

In the evening we took him out in a boat to give him a little foretaste of the wonders of the place—Jack in the stern and Watson at the oars. As the boat shot out from under the willows upon the water of the old harbor studded with reflected stars and blazing with phosphorus, that trailed astern and rolled in balls of fire from the oar blades, Oliver stood up in the boat and shook his fist at the world of enchantment about him and cried, with an oath of super-enthusiasm: "I 'll let you know that I am here in the morning!"

That was Jack Bedford's first summer on the harbor and Watson's second, and Oliver usually came down for Saturday and Sunday.

Sometimes there were little clashes between individual Stone Mugs. In fact there was a very amusing one that summer in which Jack Bedford and Watson figured. Now, Jack's very best marine, which had won a medal in the first Paris Exhibition, had been purchased by the President of the Metropolitan Museum, and it chanced that the daughter of that great man lived in a summer cottage just across an arm of the bay. This lady was among the guests at an entertainment we gave in the woodhouse chamber, where Jack and Watson were ushers, with sunflowers in their buttonholes. There was refreshment afterwards in the hall and on the lawn, but Jack failed to meet the daughter of his principal patron. It was weeks afterwards that he confided his grievance to the writer, laying the blame at Watson's door. One afternoon when we were driving, the two had it out in the old tavern at Huntington, Ollie settling the squabble.

The most charming part of the book, "Oliver Horn," and the part that touches the heart of the reader most surely, is the description of the old home in Baltimore; the kindly father, absorbed in his inventions, and pathetically hopeful; the patient, loving mother, and all the gentle people who helped to widen the family circle, not forgetting the faithful old servant, whose picture at the age of ninety

hangs in the author's library as much honored and more loved than that of the ancestor who signed the Declaration. This part of the book is the author's tribute of love and loyalty to the honored father and Southern gentleman of whom we get but a passing glimpse in the character of Richard Horn; and one of the motives of writing the book, a motive which had long been waiting its opportunity, was a son's desire to do justice to the memory of a father who was one of the modest workers of the world that just failed to make himself famous. And moreover if there be anything that gives the author most satisfaction with his work it is the feeling that he has made the English-speaking world know and love Richard Horn as he knew and loved him. The polished Southern gentleman who spoke French and German in the thirties and played the violin like a master had a strong practical side. Among his other inventions was one that produced the first machine-made brick—something that the world had been waiting for since the time of Pharaoh.

Although there is no such place in the physical geography of Baltimore as Kennedy Square the people are real people and the houses are none the less actual Southern homes because they are a trifle scattered. The Chesapeake Club was the old Maryland Club, which flourished in those days in the building still standing on a corner of Franklin and Cathedral streets now occupied by a scientific society.

Old Crocker, who gave his first lessons in drawing to Oliver, was one Miller, a Baltimore artist, who was an Indian painter and an ardent admirer of George Inness.

Oliver's part as an observer of the passage of the Massachusetts troops through Baltimore was an actual experience of the author, and "John Camblen," the East India merchant whose coat was split up the back, was old Daniel Warfield,

whose counting-house was on South Street.

It required courage to come North and remain North at the time that Oliver Horn came, and there were years afterwards when the girls of Kennedy Square passed him with averted faces and skirts held aside for fear of contamination. The writer was stationed in Baltimore a few months after the passage of the Massachusetts troops, with a light battery, and the attitude of the Baltimore girl comes back like a whiff of ancient history. When the battery rumbled over the cobble-stone pavements of the residence streets the wooden shutters were closed as in a house where there is death and it is possible that the shutters of the house of Richard Horn were shut to the offensive hoof-beats of the horse of one who was to be a friend of Oliver. That "there had been years of intense suffering" in Oliver's experience before coming to New York and before his success began here, may readily be believed. The writer has heard him say that he had but thirty-eight cents in his pocket when he arrived here, and that he spent thirty days walking the streets before he



MISS TEETUM'S BOARDING-HOUSE, CORNER OF 16TH STREET
AND FOURTH AVENUE

The Critic



Photo for THE CRITIC by

MR. ALEXANDER W. DRAKE

Hollinger

found employment in the house of Morton Slade & Company. There is a flagstone still in place at the corner of Beaver and Broad streets, not far from the house of Morton Slade & Company, where Oliver, after he secured his place, relieved his exuberant spirits by dancing a double-shuffle and where in after years he confesses to have resorted to change his luck.

Before this Oliver had carried a dinner pail for a year in Newburg, where he began by keeping the time of the workmen in one of the ironworks and ended with experience enough to superintend the assembling of the various parts of a great gun.

Times are easier now for Oliver, but the early struggles are pleasant to remember as he sits in his studio before the fireplace bordered with blue delft tiles by Jack Bedford, Bianchi, Munson, Waller, Watson, Stedman, Ned Abbey, Winslow Homer, Stanford White, Earl Shinn—in short, one for each member of the Club.





BROADWAY IN 1840

Literary Landmarks of New York

By CHARLES HEMSTREET

TENTH PAPER

LIKE many a landed estate, like many a quiet village, like many a battleground, like many a winding and historic road, like so many other places of interest of which the Island of Manhattan has been the scene in days agone—Minniesland is not easy to locate. Relentlessly and remorselessly the great masses of brick and mortar have forged ahead in their furtherance of the city's growth, seeking a level as they spread, dominating the island, levelling the hills, and stretching over valleys until the surface of the land is altered beyond all knowing. Minniesland is one of the almost buried districts of the great city. Its last surviving relic, a square ornamental structure, is the one token that it ever existed. Now that the town has surrounded this building, and streets have cut through and mutilated the first plan of the district, this house may be found standing where One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street slopes down to the Hudson River. Enter it; pass through its ancient halls, and, standing on its porch, blot from

mind the spot as it is and reconstruct it as it was half a century ago.

Fifty years ago the city was far away there to the south, and this house, miles and miles away up-country, was at the edge of a forest stretching down the hillside to the river. There were other farmhouses around it. To the north was the mansion where Colonel Morris had lived before the Revolution; where Madam Jumel in later days had married Aaron Burr. To the south was the square frame building, close by a clump of thirteen trees, where Alexander Hamilton had lived and where his widow stayed on after his death.

Forgetting for a moment these old-time surroundings of the house by the forest edge, turn to the building itself, and imagine at the window a man sitting. He has long hair and clear blue eyes. He is painting at a small easel and working in quite a wonderful manner, for he is ambidextrous. He stops in his work and looks over the trees towards the Hudson. If that

The Critic

ever-moving river recalls to him his past life, John James Audubon, ornithologist, is reviewing a strange and adventurous career in many countries, full of losses, of suffering, of changes, of perils. He thinks of himself as a boy wandering through the dense, hot wilds of San Domingo; as a youth hard at his art studies in Paris under the master David; as a man at his father's country place on the Schuylkill, failing utterly and absolutely when he goes into business, and letting his father's fortune slip away from his nervous grasp. He remembers, too, his marriage, and how his wife followed his restless career with unchanging love and remained always a balance-wheel to his impetuosity. He recalls how, through all the changes of that early and unsettled life, the naturalist-love born in him when he roamed the tropical home of his youth was always strongest in his nature, and was constantly cropping out in his mania for collecting beautiful things that were quite worthless from a commercial point of view, just as it was shown in

his personal appearance; for his manner of dressing, always with his hair falling over his shoulders, marked him as a man regardless of conventionality, a man so bound within the circle of his own thoughts that he had little time or inclination to peek out and see which way the world was moving.

Audubon had passed through the hardest struggles of his life, had travelled in England, in France, in Scotland, arranging for the publication of his bird pictures, that remarkable work which set his memory apart; he had succeeded in his life's object, and at the close of 1840, had come here to this forest hillside by the Hudson, built the house on the estate Minniesland, named in honor of his wife, made it a luxurious abode, and there gathered his friends about him.

With this home of Audubon there is associated a memory of the early days of the telegraph. When Samuel F. B. Morse built the first telegraph line to Philadelphia he had it strung across the river from Fort Lee to the basement of Audubon's house, and there he received the first telegraphic message ever sent to the island of Manhattan. Here Audubon lived, wrote, and painted until even his rugged strength was worn out. He worked until those clever ambidextrous hands lost the cunning to work out the forms his active brain could still conceive. The day came, in 1851, when he died, fortunately before any great change had come over the beauties of Minniesland. The peacefulness of Trinity Cemetery, which takes in part of the Audubon farm, is still faintly reminiscent of the scene of the ornithologist's later life, and there, close by the old house, is the grave of Audubon, and upon his tomb are sculptured the birds he loved so well, now keeping watch over him.

While Audubon worked in his out-of-town retreat, another scholar and writer lived farther down the island towards the



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON



THE LAST HOME OF AUDUBON

city. Clement C. Moore lived in a little district of his own called Chelsea Village, now merged into the city by so deft a laying out of streets that there is little irregularity at the point where town and village met. A bit of the old village remains exactly as it was in the General Theological Seminary, and the block on which it stands, Twentieth to Twenty-first streets, Ninth and Tenth avenues, is still called Chelsea Square. Clement C. Moore inherited from his father, Bishop Benjamin Moore, a large tract of land along the river near the present Chelsea Square, and gave the land on which the seminary was built to that institution. He himself lived in a house which his father had occupied before him and which stood on the line of the present Twenty-third Street on the block between Ninth and Tenth avenues. It was a very old building, renowned for the fact that General Washington had stopped there one afternoon when he had his headquarters in the city. Clement C. Moore was a professor in the General Theological Seminary, and while there compiled the first Greek and Hebrew lexicons

ever published in this country. But it is not by reason of his learned books or his philanthropy that his name is best recalled, but by a poem which he wrote for his children and of which the world at large might never have known but that it was sent without his knowledge and published in an up-State paper. This poem, the Christmas classic of "The Visit of St. Nicholas," begins with the line, "'T was the night before Christmas," and its simple yet merry jingle and delightful word-pictures have endeared it to all children since his time and will endure to please many more to come.

All that there was of literary New York half a century ago centred about Anne C. Lynch. She established a circle, a gathering which increased or fell off in numbers as men and women of brains came and went. This was the first near approach to a *salon* in this country. In the early days of her coming to the city Miss Lynch lived in a neat-appearing brick house in Waverley Place, just off Washington Square. She moved elsewhere from time to time, the literary coterie moving about as she moved. At the height

The Critic

of her success, in 1855, she married the Italian educator, Vincenzo Botta, then in his second year in New York and occupying a professorship of Italian literature in the University of New York. The receptions of Mrs. Botta flourished and were as popular as had been those of Miss Lynch. Her writings, too, went on and her most widely known work, the material for which she gathered during her intimate personal association with many authors, the "Handbook of Universal Literature," was written when she lived in Thirty-seventh Street, a few doors west of Fifth Avenue.

In the early years of Anne C. Lynch's receptions one of her intimates was Caroline M. Kirkland, the friend of Bayard Taylor. Mrs. Kirkland, who had just returned after a residence in Michigan, sought her advice before she published "Forest Life," which was the second of her descriptions of the sparsely settled region where she had spent three years of her life. The intimacy between these two continued for years, indeed until Mrs. Kirkland died, in 1864, stricken with paralysis while under the strain of managing a great sanitary fair during the Civil War.

Through Mrs. Kirkland, Lydia M. Child was introduced at the Lynch receptions, when she was associated with her husband in conducting the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. She had been a writer since her youth, having published her first book, "Hobomok," in 1821. Her works had been much read, but lost much of their popularity after she published the first anti-slavery book in America, in 1833, under the title "An Appeal for that class of Americans called Africans." She ever remained prominent as an abolitionist, but because of her opinions lost caste as a writer of novels. But Miss Lynch cared little what opinions any one held so long as they really had opinions and would stand by them, and Mrs. Child was welcomed to her home until she left the city, in 1844, to spend the rest of her life in Wayland, Massachusetts.

Very often Edgar Allan Poe attended the Lynch receptions, taking with him

his delicate wife, who seemed to get better for the moment when she saw her husband the centre of a notable gathering. For even here Poe had quite a following of his own. It was on one of these evenings that he gave it as his opinion that "The Sinless Child" was one of the strongest long poems ever produced in America. This poem was just then making a great stir and on this special evening had been the subject of much discussion. The author was present, as she usually was where writers congregated, for the beautiful and witty Elizabeth Oakes Smith carried enthusiasm and inspiration wherever she went. She found time to form part of many a circle, even though her days were well filled, for she assisted her husband, "Major Jack Downing," in his editorial work. For many a year before she finally retired to Hollywood, South Carolina, she held her place as the first and only woman lecturer in America.

Another dear friend of Poe's might usually be found at these receptions. "Estella" Lewis, the poet, lived in Brooklyn and held there quite a court of clever people. The time came when she was, indeed, a friend in need to Poe in his time of dire necessity at Fordham. It was at her Brooklyn home that he read "The Raven" before it was published, and Estella Lewis was the last friend he visited before he left New York on the journey south which ended in his death.

On the "Poe nights," too, Ann S. Stephens was usually to be found at Miss Lynch's. She became a much-read novelist, writing "Fashion and Famine" and "Mary Derwent." On these nights, too, might be seen Margaret Fuller, the transcendentalist. She had left her Massachusetts home to take her place with Horace Greeley as literary editor of the *Tribune*, and between whiles devoted herself to charitable work in an effort to better the social condition of the poor of the metropolis. During most of her stay she lived in a locality much changed since her time, near where Forty-ninth Street touches the East River. A picturesque spot it was, overlooking the

green stretches of Blackwell's Island, in the midst of suburban life. Her stay in New York was short. After a year or so she went to Europe and in Italy married the Marquis Ossoli. She was on her way back to America, in 1850, a passenger in the merchantman *Elizabeth*, when the ship was wrecked off Fire Island and she perished with it.

To this group of writers also belongs Frances Sargent Osgood. While, somewhere about the year 1846 the country was ringing with her praise, she was living the secluded life of an invalid, with her husband, in what was then becoming a fashionable neighborhood, 18 East Fourteenth Street. Once, in 1845, she had met Poe, had been instantly attracted by him, and became thereafter his staunch admirer, expressing her opinion persistently whenever opportunity offered. He, on his part, appreciated her poetic genius, and more than once referred to the scrupulous taste, faultless style, and magical grace of her verse. And several of his poems are addressed directly to her.

There was a young man named Richard Henry Stoddard who frequented the Lynch receptions. He had worked for six years in a foundry learning the trade of iron moulder, and writing poetry as he worked. By the year 1848 he was beginning to make a name for himself, and his first volume of poems, "Footnotes," had just been published. At Miss Lynch's house he met Miss Elizabeth Barstow, herself a poet, and some time later visited her at her home in Mattapoisett. This led to their marriage. Early in the year of his meeting with Miss Barstow, Stoddard made the acquaintance of Bayard Taylor. Taylor had already travelled on foot over Europe, had crystallized the results of these travels in "Views Afoot," and was then working under Greeley on the *Tribune*, as one of the several editors. Side by side with him worked that pure-hearted and thoughtful man who had been the instigator and supporter of the Brook Farm experiment, George Ripley, who wrote the *Tribune's* book criticisms.

"Views Afoot" was the most popular book of the day when Stoddard walked



BAYARD TAYLOR

(Engraved by Hall after the photograph by Brady)

into the *Tribune* office and introduced himself to the author, finding him very hard at work in a little pen of a room. This was the start of a friendship which lasted for thirty years, and was only broken in upon by death.

A few days after, Stoddard called upon Taylor, who then lived in Murray Street, a few steps from Broadway. Charles Fenno Hoffman, who occupied rooms in the same building, was then beginning to show signs of the mental breakdown which was to cloud the last thirty-four years of his life. But Hoffman was prosperous and occupied luxurious quarters on the ground floor, while Taylor, despite the popularity of his book, led a life of hard work and struggle. He was ill paid for his services on the *Tribune*, as Greeley did not believe in high salaries, and he lived up four flights of stairs in a sort of two-roomed attic. There Stoddard went almost every Saturday after his labors at the iron foundry, and there the friendship strengthened week by week; there Taylor taught Stoddard to smoke; there they discussed books and writers and there wrote poetry together. There Taylor wrote "Kubleh" and "Ariel in the Cloven Pine," and, too, the song that won for him a prize when Barnum invited the entire country to a competition in writing a song for Jenny Lind. Taylor was

The Critic

visited by a great many friends, and with them the youthful Stoddard became acquainted. Sometimes to the house in Murray Street came Rufus W. Griswold, author of "Poets and Poetry of America," "Prose Writers of America," and kindred works. He had been one of Taylor's early advisers. The diplomatist and playwright, George H. Boker, often made one of the party at this time, when his tragedy, "Calaynos," was being acted with great success at Sadler's Wells Theatre in England. Another visitor was Richard Kimball, the lawyer-author, then enthusiastically putting the finishing touches to "St. Leger."

These days of changing fortunes were the most romantic of Taylor's career. Many other places in the city are associated with him, one a house near

Washington Square, where he lived for some years and wrote among other things the "Poems of the Orient." His last city home was at 142 East Eighteenth Street. There he wrote "Deukalion," and from there he started out, after being dined and feted, on his mission as United States Minister to Germany. In England he met Carlyle. In Paris he had a "queer midnight supper" with Victor Hugo. In Germany, though he was then quite an ill man, he threw himself into official business with an energy that his constitution, worn by years of persistent hard work, would not warrant. Before the end of the year, the friends in America who had wished him farewell in April, congratulating him that he had attained an honor that he prized, knew that he lay dead in Berlin.



LE SONNET D'ARVERS

FROM THE FRENCH OF FÉLIX ARVERS, BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

*A FLAME — an instant, secret, mystic thing —
Burns in my soul, and shall forever burn.
The harm is done ; in vain were murmuring ;
For she that kindled it will never learn
Whose hand it was. She will not even turn
To me, though to her garment-hem I cling ;
Nor one of all the days to be will bring
Me strength to speak to her. I can but yearn.
Albeit God made her tender and so sweet,
Love sets for naught the music of her feet.
For naught love follows her with soft command ;
She hears stern duty only, night and day.
Reading these very verses, she will say,
"Who is this woman ?" and nowise understand.*



Photographie

Nadar, Paris

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

Théophile Gautier, Colorist *

By FRÉDÉRIC CÉSAR de SUMICHRAST

Associate Professor of French in Harvard University

IN the happy youth of Romanticism, Gautier, like many another enthusiast, madly worshipped those painters in whom the gift of color oft outweighed the sense of form. He was an adorer of the most glowing palettes, and the Venetians on the one hand and Rubens on the other won his constant praise. It so happened that the Museum of the Louvre was well provided with masterpieces of the one and the other school, and there it was that Gautier made his first acquaintance with the beauty and splendor of color that, it must be

owned, was sadly lacking in the works of the school of David and his successors.

Then, though he was later on to become one of the most persistent globetrotters that France has ever turned out, he had not begun to travel when he felt the fascination of Rubens. That charm he has described time and again in his various articles and books; it held him fast; it compelled him to a quest as important in his eyes, at that time, as that of Jason or Sir Galahad. So he started for Belgium in the belief that it was a land filled to overflowing with splendid creatures golden-

* From "Little French Masterpieces," Edited by Alexander Jessup. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

haired, blue-eyed, and voluptuously formed. "The notion," he says in his account of the trip, "came into my mind in the Louvre Museum, as I was walking through the Rubens Gallery. The sight of his handsome women, with full forms, of those lovely and healthy bodies, of those mountains of rosy flesh with their wealth of golden hair, filled me with the desire to compare them with their living prototypes. . . . I was on my way to the North in quest of the fair-haired female."

On that trip the one and only Rubens he beheld was "a stout kitchen-wench, with huge hips and amazingly large breasts, who was quietly sweeping the gutter, never for an instant suspecting that she constituted a most authentic Rubens. This find aroused in me hopes that proved subsequently absolutely deceitful."

It is on this disappointing experience that Gautier built up the pretty tale of "The Fleece of Gold" (1839), in which the hero is, naturally enough, a painter in search of just the same rarity, and, like Gautier, finds one specimen only. To have made the heroine of the tale a mere blowsy kitchen-wench would not, however, have suited the author's temperament. Gautier above all things was an artist, a lover of the Beautiful in its most refined and most exquisite form; quite capable, therefore, of idealizing the somewhat gross type he had come upon in Valenciennes into the ethereal and delicate maiden engaged in the congenial and appropriate occupation of making lace instead of sweeping the gutter. Beyond this, the real object of the story is to afford opportunity for the writer to talk upon art, and Rubens in particular; to develop his views upon color in painting, and to indulge his taste for the description of a quaint old place such as Antwerp has not altogether ceased to be. The love story is merely subordinate to this principal purpose, just as at times in Balzac's novels one wonders whether the conflict of human passions and greed has not been introduced merely as a sop to a reader whom the prolonged descriptions of things might otherwise repel.

The human element, indeed, in Gautier's tales is never very masterful. It is apparently indispensable to the satisfaction of the public, and, writing for that unsatisfactory public, Gautier yields the point, but his heart is less in that part of the work than in the one which gives him scope for the exposition of his most cherished beliefs, and especially of his diatribes against civilization and the unspeakable *bourgeois*, whom he abominated as heartily as did Flaubert. He consequently introduces some other element of interest: the search for what does not exist, or exists only in rare cases, as in "The Fleece of Gold"; the mysterious and fanciful, as in "The Dead Leman" (1836); the profound delight of music and its strange consequences, as in "The Nest of Nightingales" (1833), or picturesqueness, in some form or other, as in "Militona," "The Quartette," "Fortunio," and many another tale and novel.

Nor is "Arria Marcella" (1852) any exception to the rule. At first glance it may appear to be a love tale, pure and simple, but it quickly becomes plain that the real delight Gautier takes in his subject is the evocation of a past that strikes him as far superior as an embodiment of Beauty to the utterly commonplace civilization of the nineteenth century in which, he might almost say, it was his misfortune, as it was Célestin Nanteuil's, to be condemned to live.

Besides, it was the fashion, in those Romanticist times, to indulge in evocations of the past. The fashion had been set by Chateaubriand in his "Martyrs," which inspired Augustin Thierry to become an historian and to delve into the archives of France. Flaubert, ere long, though a realist in the more important part of his work, followed the same path and gave to the public "Salammbô" and "Hérodiás." Gautier, therefore, was merely pleasing the readers of his works and obeying a widespread impulse when he composed "Arria Marcella" and "The Romance of a Mummy," recalling Pompeii in the one and ancient Egypt in the other.

There was, however, still another cause: the influence of Hoffmann, the author of fantastic tales, exceedingly popular in those days and by no means forgotten even now. Gautier studied Hoffmann to some purpose, and appreciated the skilful manner in which the German writer produced the impression of the strange and the mysterious by the use of absolutely legitimate means. "Hoffmann's use of the marvellous," he says in an article upon the "Tales," "is not quite analogous to the use of it in fairy tales; he always keeps in touch with the world of reality, and rarely does one come across a palace of carbuncles with diamond turrets in his works, while he makes no use whatever of the wands and talismans of 'The Thousand and One Nights.' The supernatural elements to which he commonly has recourse are occult sympathy and antipathy, curious forms of mania, visions, magnetism, and the mysterious and malignant influence of a vaguely indicated principle of evil. It is the positive and plausible side of the fantastic; and in truth Hoffmann's tales should be called tales of caprice or fancy rather than fantastic tales."

It is plainly Hoffmann's method that Gautier has adopted in the composition of "Arria Marcella," and of "The Nest of Nightingales," as also in "The Dead Leman." The reader is puzzled to know whether the adventures of Octavian, the young priest, and the maidens twain are real or fanciful; whether the two former dreamed dreams or actually experienced the astounding delights, at once bewildering and hideous, which the novelist relates so seriously. This is where the story-teller's art plays its part to perfection.

"The Nest of Nightingales," nevertheless, should not be classed with the other two tales of mystery or fancy. It is more an idealization of music; an attempt to symbolize the genius of that art and the effect upon its devotees. It is one of the most exquisite tales Gautier ever wrote, and has ever remained deservedly popular. It exhibits all his grace, all his lightness of touch, all his deep sense of Beauty.

For, with him, it is always to Beauty,

ideal, abstract Beauty, that one returns. Beauty was the one cult of his life; the deity to which he was never for an instant unfaithful. He believed in it; he strove after it; he endeavored to make men feel it; he was roused to wrath by the incapacity of the greater number of his readers to conceive even what it really is, and many of his exaggerations in the Romanticist line are due simply to the irritation aroused in him by the dulness and slow-wittedness of the *profanum vulgus*, whom he despised as cordially as did Horace, and whom he detested even more than did the Roman singer.

In his verse, more especially, did he strive to attain that perfection of form which is the outer and visible symbol of the deeper, hidden glory that, living within his poet's heart, sang to him its melodious hymn. Hence it is that his verse is well-nigh untranslatable and that an approach to its wondrous exquisiteness alone can be made. At a time when the Romanticist doctrine of fullest liberty in art had logically entailed neglect of form, when loose rhyming and careless turns had become almost the rule among the less well-endowed poets, Gautier stood up for the principle that the matter itself is not sufficient unless it be clothed in the most perfect form of which it is susceptible. This became the burden of his teaching; and the lines he wrote, no matter upon what subject, were intended to illustrate this truth. It led to the doctrine of art for art's sake, and that, in its turn, induced many a false conclusion, but not in Gautier. If the matter he selected did not always rank high, there never was, at least, anything gross in his verse—even "Albertus," though undoubtedly sensual, cannot be called gross. And invariably the form was superb, the language choice, the melody sure, the rhythm admirable, the rime of the best.

His marvellous command of language, his astonishingly rich vocabulary, and, in addition, his deep sense of color and harmony, aided him in turning out the volume known as "Enamels and Cameos," in which he amassed gems of verse. He was above

all other writers of his day the one who most fully comprehended color and was best able to communicate the sensation of it by the use of words. For him, as I have said elsewhere, "words were not mere aggregations of letters or syllables, having each and all a definite meaning attached to them and nothing more. They were not simply a means, when assembled, of communicating ideas. They had qualities and properties of their own—intimately, essentially their own—which gave them a value wholly apart from any usefulness they might possess as replacing the primitive language of signs. They were full of color, they

were color; they were full of music; they were music's self; they were sculpture and architecture; they were metal; and they were stuffs of richest loom—silk and satin, gauze and lawn, velvet and brocade; they were gems and stones of purest ray serene; they blazed with internal fires; they were resplendent with internal glow; they burned with dull flame and shone with scintillation resplendent. No precious metal, no pearl of finest orient but was to be found among them. Every shade and hue of color, every sound and note of music was given out by them."

Letters to a Young Writer

OF the undue number of English novelists who have lately left us, the writer of these letters was hardly, perhaps, as he himself would have put it, "at the top of the class;" that, however, is not the reason for their appearance here as the only anonymous letters that he ever wrote. His name was neither Payn nor Blackmore; but the kindest of editors was not kinder to the literary neophyte, nor the invisible author of "*Lorna Doone*" a more determined recluse; and here in two household words you have the only excuse for this little paper, and more especially for its inner anonymity. "It would be like uncovering one's nakedness," its subject once said of an operation distinctly painless to the average author; and once he wrote, with meaning enough beneath the undertaker's humor which it amused him to affect: "It is not held to be good taste to laugh at a corpse while the corpse is warm. You may laugh your fill at the corpse of, say, Julius Cæsar or William the Conqueror or Guy Fawkes. But the newly dead have tender skins." Nothing was ever tenderer than the writer's own skin, except his heart, and his sensitive consideration for the feelings of other people. He had, however, quite a morbid horror of personal publicity—but one

too genuine and innate to be disregarded in the publication of these letters, and snatches of letters, to a literary youth who came his way.

In those days one was more youthful than literary; hence a first intrusion, armed with letter of introduction, in the middle of the sacred working morning. Yet to me, at least, the interview that followed was a memorable one. It was my first impact with a live author, and the live author's first words were to ask me whether I had ever written an epic poem. I remember feeling much ashamed to say that I had not. "Thank God!" devoutly ejaculated my host. "It generally takes 'em that way first. But now you may sit down and smoke." I am afraid I had, however, a manuscript story and a set of verses concealed about my person. Neither, in the event, was ever printed, or fit to print, yet the advice given after no more than a glance at each was indirectly invaluable; indeed, it included the name of a paper which published (and paid for) verses almost as bad as the specimen set, and from which, in fact, I derived a miniature income for many years. Nor did this literary Samaritan stop at off-hand "tips"; he actually undertook to read the next attempt (he read ever so many), and to treat it "like Latin

exercises." Here is an extract from one of the letters without which the cylindrical packet never returned from its trial-trip to the novelist's study:

Remember, the way to get briskness into style is to cut down verbiage and avoid sounding periods. Sounding periods went out with flourishes in handwriting, and were always pestiferous.

Another:

You use the word "aggravation" as though you did not know the meaning of it. You know the meaning of the word as well as any man alive. This is the act of a low profligate.

Yet another, in strong terms:

But how about that ball? There is a long description of a ball, and in the long description there is nothing new except when she asks him to dance with her. But! by God! you are not justified in describing the band!

A longer extract, when a story had been printed in a well-known magazine, but paid for at half-a-crown the page:

I have told you all along you would have to plod on as if you had opened a new shop. You are not succeeding to an old and prosperous business. No man in journalism or literature can so succeed. The money value of anything you write now is exactly the value it intrinsically is to the paper or magazine that uses it. The trouble you take with a thing is no consideration of the man who buys it. He has only to think of the money value of it to him. How much do you think your story was worth to —? Do you think it sold any additional copies of the magazine, or improved its position as a publisher's property or advertising vehicle? On the other hand, do you think your position has not been financially improved by the appearance of your story with your name in one of the leading shilling magazines of light literature? I do not care whether you are or are not angry with me for putting this matter plainly. I do care that you should not be discouraged by what I have said. You must not lose your head either in success or disappointment. Every art requires a long apprenticeship. If you allow the commercial aspect of your art to press too heavily upon you, the art will be injured. . . .

All very trite and very obvious, no doubt, to the practised writer, born or made; but to the lad of twenty-one who knew nothing at all about it—to

the very young man in a very great hurry—what golden words! And be it remembered that a professional writer's words are in truth so much gold, or silver, from his own professional point of view; yet here was one, a hard laborer for wife and home and family, in days when the hire was not quite what it is to-day; here was one who lavished his wisdom and his wit upon a youth of no particular promise, with certainly no kind of claim upon his time or thoughts. One hesitates, indeed, to beg a question of humor (always a matter of opinion) by arbitrary use of that word; but in many of the letters there is at least a strain of irresponsible and spontaneous gaiety, the first-fruits of those moments of intellectual elation which every writer knows. This in the small hours, for example, at the close of a farrago of engaging rubbish and sound criticism:

I have been writing humorous stuff the whole night through, so you may imagine what a relief it is to get a chance of a good, square, solid, sensible chat like this. It pulls a man together after long dalliance with Momus. I feel much better already. If that young creature on the — — has a nice sister, marry her. It is your duty to marry a sub-editor's sister or mother.

A whole letter in this strain, answering a humble query as to where to get and how much to pay for a gas-stove like unto the one in the great man's den:

MY DEAR YOUTH.—There are only three classes of people now in England: those who have bad cold, those who are seriously ill, and those who are dead. I am sincerely glad to hear you are among the first. Be very careful to keep that cold, or you must either fall seriously ill or become dead.

My gas stove cost me 19s., this being 15s. for the fittings and plumbing, and 4s. for the (so-called) asbestos. Your talk about going to town respecting the gas-stove is alarming. Do you want to convulse the City? Do you think the Stove will affect the Tin or Copper Corner? If so, you are wrong, for neither of these precious metals enters into the composition of The Stove. . . . You ought to "bear" the gas-stoves of the — Company before you start The Stove, then announce that The Stove has been connected with the — Company's mains and is in full blast, "bull" the stock, get out soon,

and there you are! You can then *buy* a house in Park Lane and the Island of Lewes for a deer forest, and marry one of the Princesses of Wales (the nicest of course). I can't give you any better advice.

Where I shall be on Monday I really don't know. If you come across any funerals, ask to see the breast-plate; if you are passing by Newgate (in search of The Stove) inquire for me there. If I am at all likely to be at home, and free, I'll let you know Monday morning. I have not been able to forecast my future for some time, nor am I able now. I am not writing anything destined for immortality. Immortality does n't pay in this life. It may be all right in the next. Sufficient unto the day, etc.

Yours, asbestos, or aswustos,

There was one thing about this humorist's humor; it was quite unpremeditated. Its many surprises, in conversation at all events, were obviously the greatest surprise to the man himself. We listened for his good things; he never laid himself out to say them, or paused to polish or perfect before committing the good thing to words. Out it came, and his laugh on top of it, as utterly spontaneous as its cause. One would come up to town to consult him on a variety of points, noted down in the train, say on an envelope, for ready reference during the evening. "Is that a police description?" he suddenly inquired on one of these occasions. "The weather is very hot," he wrote one summer; "we buy our candles by the pint." Once he spoke of emerging from a wilful and unnecessary retirement, and seeing something more of the world; he would begin by being measured for a new suit of clothes, if indeed he could bring himself to face that preliminary ordeal. "I may lash out like a young colt! They'd better measure me with a theodolite!" Somebody contemplated matrimony, but happened also to confess that he had given five guineas for his overcoat. "Ah!" said our friend, "your next will cost twenty-five shillings; and you'll be very glad to cut a little pair of trousers out of this one."

He wrote an occasional story for the pages of *Cornhill* and used to say that he always called a family gathering to decipher James Payn's verdict. I re-

member one of them being accepted—"though rather sensational for the *Cornhill*—and, perhaps for this reason, remaining unpublished for a year or two. But when the contributor wrote suggesting that he should supply the magazine with a glossary and a list of the words which have become obsolete since the story was written," none who knew Mr. Payn will be surprised to hear that it was published at once. Some years later I had a little success of my own in this quarter. The occasion produced a characteristic note:

MY DEAR YOUTH,—Whenever I hear the name of James Payn spoken in future I shall take off my hat to him.

If ever I hear you utter words not in the highest eulogy of James Payn when you speak his name I shall take off my coat to you.

Now you ought to begin to study Sanscrit, so that you may be kept humble by failure and the feeling that there may be other things to think of besides English fiction. Take a turn at land surveying, and commit to memory one weekly number of ———, learning it backwards. Remember, the only merit in your story is fairly good spelling! Finally, come see me (preceded by a $\frac{1}{2}d.$ card) and I'll knock any conceit remaining in you out of you. When all this is done I'll tell you that I am greatly delighted at your success. Yours sincerely,

At last it came to a book. And there may exist manlier, sounder, and wiser letters, to a very young man, about his very first book; but if the praise be preposterous (as it always was when there was aught to praise at all), I can only say that I for one have still to see the equal of this letter, in all the circumstances of such a case:

MY DEAR,— (You are no longer a youth. A person who has published a book is an adult felon.) I got your note and "The —." I prefer "The —" to your note or yourself. I have read all the book and I think very highly of it indeed. The last scene between the two brothers is as good as any one need do. The end (if I may make a bull, to show how Irish the Irish are sometimes, to be sure) has the buoyancy of the dying fall of a good sonnet. There are no ten lines to which I can point as acute proofs of genius. But genius is cumulative as well as of quick action. I think the whole story gives us reason to suspect genius is in

the air, if we are to stop short of saying, "Lo, here is the light every man knows of, but no man ever saw before." Observe, I am paying you the compliment of assuming you are taking the other side. If you say, "Of course there is genius in the book," I should tell you in few but powerful words what I thought of you and the book. Anyway, my mind now is that we may (between you and me) have a shy suspicion that genius is in the clouds, and might be drawn down from them. Talking of clouds reminds me of reviews. I want to caution you against being unduly depressed by bad notices. I saw the — notice to-day. You cannot too soon steel yourself against being broken-hearted by such a notice. It is of course far harder to bear than fair stand-up hammering. For it has the half-truth which, as you know, is the most galling lie. Whenever you want to know how really bad your stuff is, ask me, and I'll open your eyes and your veins too. But you are to ask me only once a year, the first time twelve months hence. In the meantime don't pay the slightest attention to any one who tells you you are pretty good, or that you have not done very badly. You have gone into action, Sir; it may be your fate to sink or to swim; but it can never be your degradation to strike. Die on the last plank and be damned to you, or come into port with your ensign flying, mast high.

Yours sincerely,

"I hear your friends are papering their walls with my letters," he said, on learning indirectly that another novelist had been so struck with the last sentence as to pin it up on his study wall. But I find a passage in a later letter which might be illuminated and distributed as a text or maxim for writers young and old:

Don't lay yourself out to be smart. Don't write against any demi-god or set. Don't write for any demi-god or set. Don't write to vex or to please any mere mortals. Write just to make yourself cry and laugh and swear. Write large, so that the Muse, who is distant, may read. Remember, if you write large enough for her to read, no one who is less high than Heaven can fail to see.

WRITE JUST TO MAKE YOURSELF CRY AND LAUGH AND SWEAR!

I could have it carved along my desk, counsel of perfection though it be! In practical matters, however, more particularly aenent the irritations and indignities of the market-place, of

which one may be trusted to have made too much, the advice in these letters is equally sensible and sound. "What is the good of being rude?" I find in one. "No one will pay you for it." No one paid this literal "literary adviser," even in kind, for the unerring guidance which he never grudged. Here is a note in which the light of experience would seem to have been badly needed, and to have burnt a characteristic flame:

I am sure I find it very hard to advise you, for I find it impossible to know exactly what you want. If you say to —, "You must publish the story this year," I'm sure he won't. Language of that exceedingly powerful kind is not now employed to any one more than seven months old. Living men do not use such words nowadays. They kill one another first, then slang one another afterwards in the freer customs and manners of Hell.

Naturally, one's people had long been eager to behold the writer of all these letters. Years had passed, but they had never looked upon his face. Verbal invitations had been parried or ignored; at last one was sent in black and white, but it in turn failed to tempt the hermit from his cell. He professed to treat it as a hoax.

Fortunately I had read — for October before your note came, and saw at once through your odious design. You wanted to inveigle us into a Garden Party! Judged by your extremely clever description and estimate of this soul-destroying rite, could anything be more infamous than your invitation? You wanted to get me down to your own ground, and there take summary vengeance on me for all my sins of commission and omission against you! If I could believe a word of your abominable inventions about your mother, I should be bound to thank her in the most sincere manner for her very kind invitations respecting us, and her courteous interest. But the whole thing was a huge "plant" of yours, and to the sin of trying to wreck the happiness of the elders of this house you have added the still more heinous offence of pretending that your mother was a party to your nefarious scheme. But I would have you know I am not to be taken in by such a puerile dodge. You will have to think of something subtler before you find *me* in flannels on your lawn.

The later letters are chiefly remarkable for such extravagance in praise as

an instructor is apt to bestow upon the pupil who has not altogether disappointed the expectations which he was the first to form; but, in all the circumstances of both cases, there was peculiar generosity in the senior man's appreciation, and generosity of the best kind, since he himself seemed utterly unaware of it. That the critic could still criticise, however, and in his own vein of sound nonsense, will be seen from the following extract from a detailed commentary upon a sufficiently bad short story:

p. 26. "Splendide mendax." Is this the point of the story at which to quote Latin? And is this the Latin to quote? Would n't "O great soul!" in English be better than "Splendide mendax" in Latin? Damn it, would n't it be better to praise the girl, or sub-praise her, or blame her, than to stand away from her in her trouble, and expound what she had done; pointing out what she had done with a pointer, and reading out a description from a *Delectus?*

One is not likely to repeat a banality who has once been forced to join in so hearty a laugh against himself and it; but that was the way of this veritable guide, philosopher, and friend; a critic as keen as he was gentle, who never let a bad fault pass, and would eradicate all but the ineradicable without leaving the least little wound behind. And it is not the hardest thing in the world to wound a would-be writer who is also young; where the past practitioner erred, in this case, was, as has been indicated, in the opposite direction. When a thing seemed good to him, as to most of his tribe, it seemed "very good indeed," although the rest of the rhyme did not apply as closely as it usually does. No doubt he was only too ready to see a glimmer of that "light that no man ever saw" in the "stuff" which he had done so much to

make presentable. But if the last letter does least credit to his head, his heart at all events will not suffer from its inclusion. A few pages in a magazine had appealed to him as they can scarcely have done to anybody else, and down he must have sat in his generous infatuation, for this is what came by next morning's post:

MY DEAR ARTIST,—I have just read "———."

I lose bearings of you. I do not know definitely where you are heading; but I am certain it is towards some enchanted *Aegean Sea*. In the story I see nothing that is not a part of perfection. The artistic necessity within yourself will compel you to do better. I am curious to see what the better will be like. At present I cannot fancy anything better; but my faith in you is so strong I know you will show me what that better is. This note is not a flame of criticism, or a note of encouragement, or a word of praise; but only a little hymn of selfish gratitude for the delight of your story and of hope and expectation.

As extravagant as you please, as exaggerated, as absurd; but how dear an absurdity to the young writer's heart, how sweet to his eyes, how humbling and yet how bracing too! Who does not like his praise spread thick? And who is not the better for it, once in a way, above all in early days? *Possunt quia posse videntur*. Believe in a man and he is bound to believe a little in himself; but what can be said of the man who believed in one before one was a man oneself, before anybody else dreamt of doing so? Nothing, for he is dead and gone and cannot hear, nor ever know. But I like to think of him on those enchanted seas of his, overhauled by an Argosy laden with his own letters, dashed off and forgotten when he was here; for he will be the first to appreciate them, spontaneously and impersonally as of old, and I can almost hear him laugh.



The Novels of Lord Lytton

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE

ONE hundred years after Lord Lytton's birth, and thirty years after his death, one may hope to review his life and work without angry passions or improper prepossessions. He no longer has the crowd for his supporters; consequently he no longer has the critics for his natural enemies. It is possible to regard him calmly as a fact in the history of literature, of temperaments, of ideals, and civilization generally.

It certainly was not by the critics that Lord Lytton's reputation was made. Macvey Napier was always apologizing to him for his inability to find room for a full-dress review of his novels in the *Edinburgh*; and there is a strong presumption that the insertion of the review would have appeared an even more unfriendly act than its exclusion. On the other hand, Lord Lytton invariably found the direct road to the great heart of the public—even when he wrote anonymously. The secret of so great a success, extending over so many years, is worth inquiring into.

Of course the critics have explained it. So far as they have troubled about Lord Lytton at all, they have denounced him as a writer who must have been insincere because he was adaptable, who followed the fashion instead of trying to guide it, and who cultivated the Criminal, the Beautiful, the Historical, the Supernatural, and the Respectable, in turn, with equal devotion in compliance with popular demand. Imagine an author trying to write on Monday like the author of "Jude, the Obscure," on Tuesday like the author of "The Vultures," and on Wednesday like the author of "Three Men in a Boat," and you have a fairly accurate idea of Lord Lytton as he

appeared in the eyes of hostile and contemptuous reviewers.

Their criticism is not absolutely unjust; but it is not the sort of criticism that blocks the way. Versatility is not incompatible with individuality, and individuality limits the possibilities of artistic insincerity. One can picture any group of distinguished writers—let us say, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome—all altering their methods from year to year in order to keep pace with the whims of the reading public. The thing is just imaginable though in the highest degree



EDWARD LYTTON BULWER
(After the drawing by Macilise)

improbable. What is absolutely inconceivable is that this community of aim would result in any fundamental similarity in their work. The man in each case would be more important than the mask, and his addiction to masks of less consequence than the air with which he wore them. Similarly with Lord Lytton. Though the cult of the Beautiful (or the Respectable, or whatever it might be) was with him only the particular application of the more general cult of the Jumping Cat, the personality of the worshipper is never effaced by the change in the object of worship. And it was a personality that fascinated the million, in spite of the contempt of the critics, for the best part of half a century.

The one fact that instantly strikes every mature reader of Lord Lytton's novels is their close resemblance to those works of fiction known collectively as novelettes, sold at one penny each, mainly perused in the kitchen or the servants' hall, but occasionally picked up by graver students for the satisfaction of their curiosity. The characters are taken from the same select upper circles, and are characters of pretty much the same sort. You generally have a beautiful heroine, the conventional model of all the virtues; a Wicked Baronet; a foreign adventuress whose heart is better than her behavior; a Foundling with talents and manners above his apparent station; and a good but gloomy Man with a Past who turns out to be the Foundling's father. And things happen just as we are accustomed to see them happen in the novelettes. Virtuous housemaids are betrayed; heirs are kept out of their rights; marriage certificates get lost, and are found at the critical moment in the secret drawers of escritoires that have changed hands; well brought-up young women are decoyed from their happy homes by perfect strangers who give no proper account of themselves; rich men "get into the hands of the Jews," instead of obtaining advances at the current rate of interest from their bankers; and British tars spring from dark hiding-places to confute the theory that when once aboard

the lugger the heiress and her inheritance are the property of the nearest villain.

To say this is not, of course, to say that Lord Lytton imitated the novelette writers. The right inference is rather that they recognized in him the best of all possible models for the art they wished to practise. He was the Master; they were the Disciples; and if any critic denies that he founded a School, it behooves them to rise up in indignant protest. For there the School is, prosperous if not famous, flourishing greatly if not aggressively; copying everything that it is capable of copying, even to the constant substitution of bad French for obvious English. There never was a clearer case of the annexation of Elijah's mantle. And if the Elishas do not wear the mantle quite as Elijah wore it, that evidently is not Elijah's fault. In literature, as in life, second-hand garments are seldom a perfect fit.

And in this case, Elijah certainly did wear his own mantle with the air of a man who had been measured for it. Mature readers may not always take the trouble to see this, but immature readers feel it. Lord Lytton's novels may still exercise a spell at a stage of mental development at which penny novelettes have been discarded as ridiculous. One can remember, or hear of, undergraduates—of Cambridge perhaps more frequently than of Oxford—who, after reading "*Kenelm Chillingly*," have gone about for months imagining that they also were the victims of unfortunate early attachments, destined to rear the stately edifice of public ambition upon the ashes of a wasted private life. No Cambridge undergraduate, we may be sure, ever felt like that as the result of reading a penny novelette. So that there is, after all, a difference between the work of Lord Lytton and the novelette writers, the reasons of which it may be worth while to seek. One reason is, no doubt, that Lord Lytton was a very clever man. But there are other reasons also.

Lord Lytton had, to begin with, quite apart from his talents, almost

ideal qualifications for the writing of novelettes. He knew the things which the ordinary novelette writer has to guess, for he actually moved in the society which novelettes purport to describe; and he was just sufficiently strange to it to be fully conscious of the importance of the privileges which he enjoyed. Moreover, he never had his pride subdued or regulated by the rough experiences of a public school. The result was the superior condescending snobbishness that novelette readers liked. "Twaddle, Bulwer, twaddle," wrote a critic, who may have been Thackeray, in *Fraser's Magazine*. "I think you a deserving young person, whom Nature intended for a footman." But that was the voice of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The public, by a truer instinct, recognized Lord Lytton as the Man who Knew, and who deigned to impart his knowledge, though he heightened the colors and deepened the shadows for the purpose of impressing them. That was his first claim on their attention and regard.

More important, however, than his knowledge was his temperament. Work of the novelette genre only rings true when it is written by some one whose own life has something of the novelette in it, and whose pose, if not his actual character, is that of a protagonist in a novelette. Lord Lytton had this qualification in a more eminent degree than any other famous writer of fiction. As to the rôle in the novelette that should be assigned to him, opinions may differ, and have differed. According to himself and his admirers, and we see in the sentimental biography which his son began to write, he was the Mysterious Man with a Past. According to his enemies, as we gather from his wife's hysterical declamations, he should be classed rather as the Wicked Baronet. Whichever view we take, we cannot get far away from the world of novelettes.

Into the rights and wrongs of his quarrel with his wife it would be superfluous to enter here. Among their mutual recriminations there is comparatively little the truth of which can

be corroborated by independent evidence. Matrimonial disputes ending in judicial separations had long been the rule in the family of both husband and wife; and if we could take the evolutionary view that acquired characteristics are hereditary, we might regard that fact as satisfactorily explaining everything. Leaving it out of consideration, we can say little with confidence except that Lord Lytton was not scrupulously faithful, and that Lady Lytton alternately moped and became hysterical, and so continually interrupted his sentimental meditations and his work at a time when he was exploiting sentiment in order to win fame and fortune. Probably he resented the resulting "rows" as a wanton waste of emotional energy, and made matters worse by the violent expression of his resentment. That, however, is as it may be. What it is interesting to note here is the fatality by which the whole story presents itself like a series of scenes from a sensational work of fiction.

We begin with the scene in which the wife hurries to the husband's chambers, with a medicine case under her arm, having heard that he was too ill to return home, and sees through the doorway the flutter of a departing petticoat, and on the table afternoon tea for two. Then comes the scene at the dinner table, when he is said first to have threatened her with the carving knife, and then to have bitten her in the cheek. Then, after the separation, the dramatic intensity of the narrative increases. We are told—it does not follow, of course, that we implicitly believe—that Lord Lytton employed emissaries, first, to steal his wife's papers in Paris, and then to poison her in Wales. Later she makes her dramatic appearance on the hustings at Hertford, and denounces her husband to the electors, when, she says, "his jaw fell like that of a man suddenly struck with paralysis, and he made a rush from the hustings, trampling down the flower-beds, jumping over the railings, and heroically locking himself into the dining-room." He retaliates by causing her to be locked up in a lunatic

asylum. The Press takes the matter up; the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* roar; indignation meetings are held. Dr. Forbes Winslow is sent to see the patient, and certifies her sanity. She is released and goes abroad.

All this unquestionably reads like a chapter from the history of the typical Wicked Baronet of the novelettes; and the narrative from which they are taken attributes to Lord Lytton a personal appearance in keeping with the character: "Almost every low and evil passion was traced indelibly on the odious countenance, and it was impossible to look upon him for any time without feelings of disgust and even horror. Lord Lytton the First hid his mouth with his moustache and beard, because he was too conscious of its frightful expression to let it be seen."

That is one picture. For the alternative picture we have to turn from the wife's hysterical denunciation to the son's sentimental but unfinished biography, with which Lord Lytton's sentimental but unfinished autobiography is incorporated. The fact that biography and autobiography were alike left unfinished is not, perhaps, without significance. The inference is difficult to resist that both biographer and autobiographer encountered facts which it did not seem easy to present as illustrations of the biographer's statement that his father "drew no character loftier than his own, and its natural stature was considerably above the average."

One can quite sympathize with the embarrassment of the biographer trying to make the incident of the lunatic asylum serve as a text for a panegyric on those lines; and there were other questions connected with the payment of Lady Lytton's promised allowance which might have been almost as awkward to handle in the proper tone. But the truth is, of course, that it is quite possible to be sentimental without being in any proper sense of the word, "noble." The plot of "*Eugene Aram*" depends upon the possibility; and Lord Lytton may have availed himself of it in life as well as in literature. That he was sentimental—even if the sentimentalism was partly a pose

—there can be no doubt whatsoever. Alike in biography and autobiography, he stands out as the Mysterious Man with a Past, coloring his present and destined to color all his future life.

The story is that, when a boy of seventeen, he fell in love with "a pretty village girl in a cottage, often seen plaiting straw by the threshold." She disappeared, "forced into a marriage against which her heart protested," and died two years afterwards of consumption. "The impression," writes the biographer, "left on my father by this early 'phantom of delight,' was indelible, and colored the whole of his life. He believed that, far beyond all other influences, it shaped his character, and it never ceased to haunt his memory." The representation is no doubt exaggerated. One can hardly believe the memory to have been more than a haven to return to from time to time, after later sentimental shipwrecks. Perhaps most men need such memories; assuredly most of those who need them have them. They appear in the correspondence in the course of the autumnal inquiries whether marriage is a failure. But to spend one's whole life hugging such a memory, darkly alluding to it, never speaking out, a melancholy riddle to a circle of admiring friends, is to be the very type of one of the favorite sentimental characters of the novelette. And it is claimed for Lord Lytton, both by himself and by his biographer, that he was just such a man. The claim is made most effectively in the passage referring to the very last novel that he wrote:

My father read the manuscript of "Kenelm" to my wife and myself, and at particular parts of it he could not restrain his tears. Throughout the day (it was New Year's Eve—the eve of the year of his own death) on which he finished the chapter describing Kenelm's sufferings above the grave of "Lily," he was profoundly dejected, listless, broken; and in his face there was the worn look of a man who has just passed the last paroxysm of a passionate grief. We did not then know to what the incidents referred, and we wondered that the creations of his fancy should exercise such power over him. They were not creations of fancy, but the memories of fifty years past.

Whether Lord Lytton actually was such a man as is here depicted or not, the sentiment which is said to have indelibly colored his life did at any rate indelibly color his writings. "Kenelm Chillingly," as we have seen, ends upon that sentimental note. "Ernest Maltravers" is entirely built upon that sentimental foundation. The idea is one of the pivots of the plot of "My Novel," where it is found in the last pages to be the key to the characters alike of Harley L'Estrange and Audley Egerton. It supplies the explanation of what is eccentric in the characters of Augustine and Roland Caxton. It is the answer to the riddle of Reginald Glanville in "Pelham," and it plays its part in the remarkably melodramatic narrative of "Night and Morning." One may say, indeed, that Lord Lytton raised the sentiment to the rank of a philosophic doctrine—the Doctrine of the Persistence of Emotional Force, or the Conservation of Emotional Energy. He will not allow that the force is "distributed," as the physicists say, over the long years covered by his stories. He sees it rather conveyed across the generations, like an electric current travelling along a perfectly insulated conductor.

The doctrine is no doubt fallacious. Even in the case of electricity complete insulation is impossible; and in the case of emotion far more than in the case of electricity, energy tends to be "short circuited," or otherwise wasted by the way. But the fallacy is none the less Lord Lytton's great contribution to the art of fiction, and one of the secrets of his great popularity with the young. It is youth that rejoices in the luxury of woe, and the belief that the first disappointed love will be the last. Middle age is glad rather of the power to forget before it is too late, and to feel assured that the last love is the first. Lord Lytton, therefore, preached to youth the gospel that youth eternally desires to hear; and he preached it with the authority that springs from conviction, and he went on preaching it from the time of "Pelham" to the time of "Kenelm Chillingly," for a period, that is to say, of nearly fifty years.

It must be added—for it is a part of his secret—that he preached it merely triciously. Even for the very young, sentimental sorrow, to exercise its full spell, requires to be set off by a certain pomp and circumstance. At the desk of the bank clerk or in the cottage of the artisan, it is not sufficiently effective. The gloom of the heart must contrast with the splendor of the surroundings. The things in which the Man of Mystery fails to find pleasure must be the very things which those who read about him are likely to sigh for as unattainable delights; his Dead Sea apples must be apples that other people regard as luscious, tempting fruit. Lord Lytton, with a true instinct, divined that fact. His grief-stricken heroes seek refuge from their own sad thoughts neither in vulgar dissipation nor in the "trivial round." They go in for politics and become Cabinet Ministers; or, more frequently, they take long tours upon the Continent, now living in solitary villas on the Italian Lakes, now sadly making love to fashionable beauties at the most exclusive of the Courts of Europe, and now getting themselves implicated in the intrigues of revolutionary conspirators. The former plan is that of Audley Egerton, the latter that of Harley L'Estrange, Kenelm Chillingly, and Ernest Maltravers. One can hardly hope to count the number of times Ernest Maltravers locked up his house at a moment's notice and went abroad because of a sudden crisis in his emotional affairs.

The romance of this recurring incident is doubtless lost on readers who are accustomed to winter on the Riviera, or to run over to Rome for Easter, or to spend every August in Switzerland. Its appeal was to the young who had lost no illusions, to whom foreign travel was a dream, and who only knew the Continent from books and pictures—a more numerous band in those days than in ours. The appeal may have been conscious and deliberate, but the association of ideas involved in it was more probably a genuine echo of the "Byronism" in the shadow of which the author had

grown up. He adopted the Byronic pose in early life, though he afterwards claimed to have killed it with the rival pose of "Pelhamism." One of the ladies with whom he corresponded used to address him playfully as "Childe Harold." There is a good deal in his writings that would warrant one in styling him the Last of the Byrons. And this is Byronism of a sort—the sort that everybody can understand.

For Byronism is difficult to define *per genus et differentiam*; and the present critic probably does not stand alone in having felt the fascination of it, and believed that the real essence of it was the foreign travel. The thought of the world's contumely was lost in the contemplation of the barouche. To be hounded abroad by the moral indignation so graphically described by Lord Macaulay seemed but a straw in the balance compared with the opportunity of getting there; and moody memories on the Bridge of Sighs or the shores of "clear, placid Leman" did indeed appear a luxury of woe worth striving for. And it is to just that sentiment and inexperience that novels like "Ernest Maltravers" and "Kenelm Chillingly" appeal triumphantly.

This modernized and popularized Byronism—put into prose for the benefit of people who did not care for poetry—is the principal thing which gives Lord Lytton's work its distinction in the class to which it belongs. If his books are novelettes among novels, they are also novels among novelettes. The temperament of the author counted for more than his talents, as any one will recognize who tries to picture some other very clever man with a different sentimental endowment—say Lord Macaulay, or Mr. Herbert Spencer—trying to command the same popularity by the same means. A second secret of his success may be sought in his adroit use of melodramatic effect. A typical case may be found in the scene in "Night and Morning," in which the long-lost marriage certificate is found in the secret drawer of the writing desk, and the rightful heir of the disputed marriage enters just as the first and second vil-

lains are discussing how they shall make away with it. Not less typical is the scene in "My Novel," in which the resourceful Harley L'Estrange, having secretly bought the yacht on which the foreign adventurer has arranged to abduct the heroine, and concealed an English crew on board, springs from his hiding-place to confound the machinations of iniquity at the eleventh hour. Those are the sort of scenes that would have brought down the house at the old Adelphi, or anywhere on the Surrey side, and they show us the fame of Lord Lytton resting partly upon the same foundation as the fame of Mr. George R. Sims.

At the same time it is not just to ignore the part played in the building up of his reputation by his really remarkable abilities, and his considerable knowledge of books and of the world. He was not, it is true, quite that walking encyclopædia of general knowledge which his son represents him to have been. When he drops into French—which he does continually—he seldom fails to perpetrate some elementary blunder in idiom or grammar. Nor is there any foundation for the common belief that he was profoundly versed in "German metaphysics." His wife says that he did not even know German, but used his daughter's knowledge, pretending that it was his own. That may be, probably is, a calumny; but for his ignorance of metaphysics any metaphysician will answer.

These necessary deductions made, however, the fact still remains that Lord Lytton did bring a considerable and genuine culture to bear upon literary undertakings which most men of equal culture would have found distasteful. He had written a prize poem at Cambridge; he had travelled, though not far; he was a classical scholar and a diligent general reader; Dr. Parr had esteemed him a very promising young man. He lived in the best sets, both political and literary, of his period. Disraeli corresponded with him in the language of affection and esteem. He was clever enough to obtain the Cabinet office now held by Mr. Chamberlain,

and to hold his own in Lady Blessington's salon. N. P. Willis, the indiscreet American who wrote such rude things about most of Lady Blessington's guests, thought highly of him. He found him indeed "short, very much bent in the back, knock-kneed, and as ill-dressed a man for a gentleman as you will find in London." But he describes his conversation as "gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else," adding that "he seemed to talk because he could not help it, and infected everybody with his spirits."

It seems strange that the man thus sketched should have written novels which could be taken as models by the writers of novelettes. One would have expected the sentiment appropriate to such work to have made shipwreck on the granite rocks of practical experience. But as the sentiment was too well steered to suffer such a fate, the writer's real knowledge of books, society, and affairs gave it a "cachet" which, if it did not deceive the very elect, at least deceived a good many fairly intelligent readers. Whatever rang false, the cynicism at least rang true, being the cynicism of one who was really a man of the world. Respect was inspired, and a certain air which may almost be called an air of realism imparted.

To say this is not, of course, to contradict the accepted opinion of critics that Lord Lytton's novels are originally unrelated to real life. The impression given by the contemplation of his work as a whole is that he labored hard and long to get into touch with real life, only to make it unreal by the act of touching it. In such a book as "*Paul Clifford*," he has hardly begun the struggle. There is about as much truth to nature there as in the popular histories of "*Spring-heeled Jack*," and "*Sweeney Tod, the Barber of Fleet Street*." In the work of the "*Ernest Maltravers*" period, there may not be more truth, but there is at any rate more plausibility. The books in which the difference between intention and achievement are most marked are those

of his later years—such books as "*The Caxtons*," and "*My Novel*." In each of these stories we can almost trace the transition from observed fact to lurid fancy. Each narrative begins in a vein of playful if somewhat elephantine comedy. The "true seeming," if not the truth, appears to be given. In each case, however, the comedy swells visibly into melodrama, and we end with a weird phantasmagoria of abductions, tense emotions, unsuspected kinships, baffled villainies, and guilty secrets.

Novelists who work upon those lines rarely create the characters that live in fiction, and Lord Lytton's case furnishes no exception to the rule. Characterization is his weakest point, and he fails most completely with his women. He gives us a gallery of paragons who have practically nothing but their names to distinguish them from one another. His Evelyns, and Blanches, and Florences, and Helens, are interchangeable items, who might be shifted from one book to another, without affecting any of the stories, whether for better or for worse. The virginal heart is not read in the case of any one of them. In the case of the villains more types are recognized; they may be English or foreign, vulgar or well-bred, but one recalls none of them, as one recalls Count Fosco, without conscious effort. The one type that does seem to be drawn with penetration is the cynical man of the world who plays the part of chorus. He, too, is not individualized. Whether he is called Lumley Ferrers, or Chillingly Mivers, or Sedley Beautesert, he is pretty much the same sort of man. But the type is always realized, even if the individual is not; and his remarks in the character of chorus are often witty, and not seldom wise. They hold the interest of readers whom the novelist's doctrine of the Conservation of Emotional Energy leaves cold.

To that doctrine, indeed, one is brought back, as to the one outstanding characteristic of Lord Lytton's work; and the question whether he believed in it (or rather in his own particular interpretation of it) is, after all,

the most interesting question to be asked concerning him. To say that he probably began with a firm faith in it is only to say that he probably resembled all other victims of early disappointments in love. In such matters no one believes that it is possible to forget until he finds himself actually forgetting. For the rest there are, in Lord Lytton's special case, two facts to be borne in mind. In the first place his private life was a failure, and so calculated to give artificial vitality to any sentiment which had never been exposed to the test of familiarity and experience. In the second place, he

revived and dwelt upon the sentiment whenever he sat down to write, and the evident sympathy of the public invited him to revive it again and again. To admit that it was genuine with him at the hours of composition is only to admit that he had the temperament of the artist. The inference is not in the least required that it dominated his personal life as his son supposed. There is little to indicate that it did, and a great deal to indicate that it did not. The sentiment, in short, would seem to have been far more his servant than his master. And there can be no question that it served him well.

A Layman's Flyer in Old Prints

By RANDALL BLACKSHAW

FOR weeks past there had been great goings-on in Wall Street. An upward movement, carrying everything before it, had brought wealth to many, outsiders as well as operators, and put odd thousands into the pockets of many more. I was one of the few who had not profited by it, when the crash came. Every day I had studied the stock-market reports; and if I had only had some money to invest (*i. e.*, to speculate with), I should have been better off than I had ever been before, or have ever been since.

I have never doubted my genius for speculation, and never shall till I put it to the test and find myself on the wrong side of the market. I have often given financial advice to my friends, and in no instance have I known them to be the poorer for taking it. They have listened with apparent interest to all I said, and doubtless have gone out and done as I advised them. If they had lost, I should have known it at once, and in all probability should never have heard the end of it. As it is, I am convinced that many a lucky dog has flung dust into my eyes from the wheels of his automobile who would have ridden a bicycle, or gone

afoot, but for his wisdom in acting on my advice. None of them ever had the grace to acknowledge it; but that only shows how mean-spirited some people are. They were afraid I might propose borrowing some of the money I had put into their pockets.

If I had inherited a million dollars, my natural aptitude for finance would probably have resulted in my becoming rich. Even now I sometimes fancy it cannot fail to land me, sooner or later, in the millionaire class. If it does, I shall at once become a collector, not of books and prints and bric-à-brac, such objects as the newly enriched most commonly affect, but of what has always possessed for me a powerful and peculiar fascination—to wit, receipted bills. My penchant for acknowledgments of this sort amounts to a mania, and I hope to humor it, some day, on a large and liberal scale. Thus far I have been obliged to curb my hobby, but when I can afford to give it rein, I shall not be surprised to find myself incurring heavy indebtednesses, just for the pleasure of discharging them and getting receipted vouchers. But this is a digression.

I was feeling rather sore over my

failure to profit by this remarkable "bulge," and was in just the mood, consequently, to indulge in a little speculation that called for no capital. The temptation came as I sat one day in the shop of a dealer in old books, looking over a lot of things he had just bought from the estate of a deceased collector.

"Here's something may interest you," observed the tempter, coming toward me with a huge portfolio under his arm.

Opening it, I found a collection of old prints by a famous draughtsman of the early nineteenth century. Without being an expert in such matters, I knew something of the work of this artist, whose name has long been a household word. The portfolio *did* interest me, and I said so.

"What do you ask for it?" I inquired.

"I've marked it at a hundred dollars," was the reply, "but I'll let you have it for seventy-five. A house I quoted that price to, tells me I ought to get that much for it, but that a dealer, buying to sell again, could n't afford to pay such a price."

"Give me a week to consider it," I said.

This was promised; and I was then informed that there were several plates in the collection in addition to those that belonged there, and that the usual price for single plates by this master, sold separately, was about eight dollars.

It took no lightning calculator to see that the value of the portfolio, if the seventy-odd plates it contained were sold singly, would approximate six hundred dollars, and I was strongly impelled to buy it and break it up. But such a sweeping profit might induce misgivings: I should feel that I had taken advantage of the seller's generosity; so I decided to sell the plates *en bloc* at \$150.00, and be content with a rake-off of one hundred per cent. This, then, was the price I named, later in the day, in writing to a dealer in another town.

At the end of the week, my option having expired, and the non-resident trout having ignored my gaudy fly, I

dropped in upon the owner of the portfolio, and asked him for a seven days' extension of time. He acquiesced with almost suspicious readiness; and threw in, as a makeweight, two small sets of plates from the same eminent hand. I remarked that I should like to take the portfolio and additional plates home with me, for leisurely inspection. The privilege was granted.

After dinner, that evening, I went carefully through the portfolio, and made a list of its contents. Three of the plates were missing; but there were six extra ones, which—numerically at least—more than made up the deficiency. I would leave all of these in, sell the collection at twice what I was to give for it, and keep the two separate sets of six plates each. Both as speculator and collector I had reason to be pleased with my bargain. A mouse in my waste-basket might have heard me chuckle as I retied the portfolio ribbons.

As the out-of-town dealer remained persistently silent, I had recourse to a local one with whom I was slightly acquainted. This worthy disconcerted me a little by declaring that the incompleteness of the collection impaired its market value. It would fetch a good deal more intact, he said, than in its actual state.

"What would it be worth," I ventured to ask, "if all of the two-and-seventy plates were here?"

"In that case," he replied with animation, "it ought to be worth at least \$12.50."

If finance is my forte, diplomacy is my foible. I flatter myself that no one can guess from my expression what is passing in my mind.

"As much as that!" I exclaimed.

The dealer suspected himself of an indiscretion.

"Properly handled, it might fetch that," he admitted, judicially; "but of course you would have to find some one who wanted it."

"What is its value without the missing plates?"

"Oh, as it stands it is worth about ten per cent. of what it would bring if complete."

Ten per cent. of \$12.50 is \$1.25.

"It would pay, then," I suggested, "to buy the three plates if I could pick them up at a reasonable price?"

"It certainly would. Possibly I have them in stock, but I should have to hunt for them."

"What would they cost me, if you happened to have them?"

"I could let you have them at two dollars a piece. They are not in active demand, and we have to charge a fairly good price for any stock we have to carry long."

The problem worked out this way: The seventy-two plates were worth \$12.50, or a little more than seventeen cents apiece. Any sixty-nine of them were worth \$1.25, or somewhat less than two cents each. Any three that happened to be missing were cheap at \$6.00, or just \$2.00 a plate.

Thanking the dealer for his offer and advice, and promising to let him know if I decided to buy the missing pictures, I hurried home and wrote again to my out-of-town correspondent, informing him of the portfolio's incompleteness, promising to substitute six additional plates for the missing three, and lowering the price of the set to \$125.00.

There is a good deal of the chameleon in my nature, and any one who takes a depressing view of things infects me with more than his own pessimism. Had I stayed five minutes longer in the shop of that Job's comforter, I should have cut down the price of the collection to a paltry \$100.00.

That very evening I received a note from the owner, asking me to return the plates, as he had found a customer

for them. I sent them back the next morning, but learned later in the day that the would-be purchaser had been obliged to leave the city without seeing them. At last accounts they were still unsold, and the price had been reduced to \$50.00.

To tell the truth, I am not unduly proud of this experience; but when one talks, one must have something to talk about, and so I related it, one evening, to an old and intimate friend. To comfort me he recounted an experience of his own.

"A member of a well-known firm of booksellers," said he, "made me a present once of a book that had just appeared in a limited edition, of which he happened to possess two copies. Two or three years later I sold it to his partner for \$20.00."

"A good stroke of business," I exclaimed.

"Not so bad, was it? But I learned the next day that the market value of the volume was \$200.00; and he knew it. I determined to get even with him, and I did."

Having lighted a cigarette, and puffed it viciously for a moment, my friend proceeded with his tale of revenge.

"Finding myself in the neighborhood of his shop soon afterwards, I picked up a little book from one of his salesmen for twenty-five cents. Then, going out into the street again, I re-entered by a side door, and sold it to the wicked partner himself for five dollars. At luncheon, ten minutes later, I drank his health in a glass of Beaujolais."





ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE ELDER
(After the etching by Stuart)

Alexandre Dumas

By FRANCIS GRIERSON

MY wanderings had landed me in Paris in the spring of 1869, in the centre of the rush and roar of an Empire about to crumble away. I had arrived at the borders of a social maelstrom, without knowing the meaning of its movement and mystery. Unconsciously France was preparing for war and revolution. Destiny went with a whirl, and no one was idle. I was ignorant because of my youth; the Parisians were ignorant because of their blindness. As delirium increases with fever so pleasure increases with prosperity, and the Parisians, like so many spiders in a garden of roses, were busy weaving a web that would hold them prisoners when the flies were dead and the roses withered.

From noon till late at night every one was busy. Napoleon and his court were busy; political intrigue was in-

dulged in simply as an interlude between the fashions and amusements of the hour. Every one, from the Emperor down to the modest *bourgeois*, lived by the day. The people were like mechanics who prefer piece-work, for all had grown indifferent and independent; no one thought of the morrow. All prospered who cared to work. Beggars and drunkards were seldom seen; money poured into Paris from the provinces. For the French vineyards, in those days, supplied the whole world with wine, writers with wit, and the populace with good humor. The *opéra-bouffes* of Hervé and Offenbach kept Paris in roars of bacchanalian laughter. During the last years of the Empire Paris went mad over "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Belle Hélène," and "La Grande Duchesse

de Gérolstein." Princes, millionaires, and potentates from abroad were regaled by the nonchalant beauty and piquant personality of Hortense Schneider, who, by her insouciant grace and artless abandon, seemed to typify the spirit of the dying age. Offenbach embodied the spirit of the time in music, but Hortense Schneider gave it a living form. Auber—the wonderful octogenarian—had just composed "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," which was drawing all Paris to the Opéra Comique, and women of all classes raved over the singing of Capoul, the boy-tenor. "The First Day of Happiness!"—an innocent work, full of humdrum melody, composed by a typical optimist who never in his long life had known care or sorrow, who lived by the day, composed by the yard, and thought by the minute. But it was wonderful—this old man who could conceive passionate tunes like a young man just fallen in love! This opera represented the ideal of the *bourgeoisie* of the period. They oscillated between Auber and Offenbach—sentimental inanity and satirical farce.

Destiny unfurled her symbols, but no one could read them. Orpheus descended nightly into Hades and danced the cancan with Pluto's court. These things symbolized the end, but no one understood. At the Opéra, "Faust"—another symbol of disillusion—was the all-absorbing production, with Madame Carvalho, the last of the great dramatic singers of France, as Marguerite. One thing was in harmony with another. People were passing out of the world of romance, and had not yet arrived at that of realism. The majority of the Parisians filled the gap between the two with careless merrymaking, laughter that was half farce, half satire, and amusements that contained neither merit nor instruction. People danced and dined, wondered at nothing, asked no questions about the future. All were floating down stream in the pirate's craft manned by Napoleon. In twelve short months they would reach the open, and then, of a sudden, Charybdis and Scylla would loom bold in front of master and crew.

Meanwhile, the great writers were reposing after a lifetime of adventure and agitation. Hugo was in exile, Lamartine had just passed away, Flaubert and Georges Sand had retired to the country. Dumas alone was left in the capital. The lions of romance were leaving the field to the jackals of realism. Zola had already begun to gnaw the bones left by Balzac—for destiny had preordained a realist to depict the coming *débâcle*. Action for action, fact for fact, everything has its time and place. Sedan fired the last volley over the grave of romanticism. This was the *état d'âme* of the Parisians on my arrival amongst them in 1869.

One evening in the beginning of June I was taken to the residence of Dumas on the Boulevard Malesherbes, by an intimate friend of the great novelist. As one thinks of a lion, with his shaggy mane full of the jungle-burs of adventure, so I can see the author of "Monte-Cristo" as he appeared on that memorable evening. Standing about were women friends—actresses, writers, poets, attracted by a world of romance symbolized in the figure seated in the middle of the salon. I was instantly impressed with two things: the frescoes on the walls, and the attitude of the host. He sat like a silent oracle, surrounded by a crowd of female admirers, the whole company set off by panels representing life-sized figures from Goethe's great drama: Faust, Mephistopheles, Marguerite. There were no other pictures in the room. The influence of these figures, the attitude of Dumas and his worshippers, concentrated the mind on the quintessential element of romance. Half indifferent he sat, as some handsome young woman would stroke his head, while another would place her hand on his shoulder, as they might have done with an old lion long tamed and without teeth. There was nothing to distract the mind from the harmony of idea and personality: the company of women might have been part of the frescoes, and Dumas the creator of "Faust" instead of "Monte Cristo." There was an enchanted element about the people and the room.

There are two kinds of romance: the silent and the active. This scene was quiet and contemplative. A silent influence seemed at work; the picture was like the apotheosis of some Greek divinity; but there was something mediæval in its simplicity and something Falstaffian in the huge figure surrounded by handsome and pleasant-faced women. What now was the current of his thought? What the state of mind of the man who had charmed the readers of two worlds and made romance a reality for thousands who never knew adventure?

The whole company conversed among themselves, standing as if they were at court, while the host sat still and mused. I was held by the mystery, the fascination of the romantic atmosphere, the peculiar spell of the huge mass that filled the *fauteuil* like an idol of adamant. For there was something of the idol about the man. I thought of a Buddhist statue in a sitting posture, corpulent at the base, crisp at the top. The lower part of the face was of porcine dimensions, the skin swarthy, the hair curly, the expression of the eyes calm and sphinx-like. He was a man who not only invented life, but had seen it.

Every matured mind has a cycle of personal experience. Genius begins life with notions and ends with ideas. What were Dumas's ideas now? A romantic Bacchus, who had written "Monte Cristo" and compiled a dictionary of culinary art, what, at last, were his views of men and things? The form of a face corresponds to the spirit beneath, and had I been old enough to judge I might have guessed that this wonderful man was, above all things, a lover of sumptuous living, rare wines and rich dinners, romantic suppers after dramatic triumphs, the table decorated with human flowers from theatre, circus, and opera. I might have guessed that this immense frame was never made for fasts and vigils, and that, like Handel, he might have ordered dinner for three and cleared it off himself. And what must have been his powers of digestion! Think of the barrels of dynamic force consumed by such a human generator

within a period of fifty years—the rows of Bordeaux and Veuve Clicquot, brought forth from cellars where spiders put the finishing touch on the crusty bottle before being sent up to weave new illusions in the brain of the weaver of romance; the rare fruits, in and out of season; the succulent dishes concocted by scores of famous chefs for his special delectation; the quantity and the quality of the viands, that went to produce books like "Monte Cristo" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires"! For a man who could dictate for two or three novels within the hour, and carry the plots along without confusion, must have had a marvellous memory and a perfect digestion. Voltaire sharpened his wits by forty cups of coffee a day, tea inspired Mozart, but Dumas lived on the pick of the viands and vineyards of France, the garden of the world.

Not till years after my meeting with the great novelist did I realize the full meaning of what he told me on that evening. At last he rose from his easy-chair and invited me into his study adjoining the salon. I had heard a good deal about his experiences in the world of occultism, and I was curious to find out if possible what he really believed. After he had addressed me about my own career, the conversation turned on the mystical in art; but as I was anxious to know his ideas touching a future life I put the questions direct. He looked at me with the calm expression of one who had long since made up his mind. The answer was: "I believe in magnetism." He sat impassive, without moving an eyebrow or raising a finger. I was talking to the man who wrote "Le Collier de la Reine" and "La Comtesse de Charny." Magnetism—the keynote of these and other of his books—was the keynote of Dumas's experience. This then was *his* secret. Here was *his* meaning of life. I put other questions—his mind was fixed; he refused to go beyond the wonders and mysteries of personal magnetism. This, he said, was the cause of the manifestations which had perplexed the world since the beginning.

There was no denying the fact, I was in the presence of a sort of mystical sceptic. He believed in the reality of all occult phenomena, but not in their spiritual origin. He believed in second sight, palmistry, somnambulism, trances, magnetic attraction, magic, and mesmerism. And, in truth, his novels are based on the mystery of action, as Scott's are based on the poetry of action. A little more and the man sitting before me might have given a personal account of Mesmer himself, for the famous German only died in 1815. I shall never forget the tone of Dumas's voice, his look, when he said "Je crois au magnétisme"; as much as to say, "I have got that far, about the rest I know nothing." It was the nonchalance of a mind that had passed beyond dispute and discussion. I could see in his face the result of a lifetime of thought given to one subject. For the author of "The Queen's Necklace" was now near the end of his days. I was sitting in the presence of one who would soon pass away. Here I had proof, in his own words, that the celebrated romancist was not a manufacturer of sensational scenes in which he did not believe.

A novel is as much the work of heart and brain as a poem; a novelist has to write as he thinks and feels. The style is the man. Away with the legend that Dumas was a literary pirate! That his romances were without philosophical meaning, that he could not think, that he was no student of human nature! It took me years to realize the full force of some of Dumas's novels. I now rank him among the seers. Listen to this from "The Taking of the Bastille," chap. xxiv. :

The King desired Gilbert to explain to him that marvellous state in which the soul separates itself from the body, and soars free, happy, and divine, above all terrestrial miseries.

Gilbert, like all men of truly superior genius, could pronounce the words so much dreaded by mediocrity, "I do not know." He confessed his ignorance to the King. He had produced a phenomenon which he could not explain. The fact itself existed, but the explanation of the fact could not be given.

"Doctor," said the King, on hearing this avowal

of Gilbert, "this is another of those secrets which nature reserves for the learned men of another generation, and which will be studied thoroughly, like so many other mysteries which were considered insoluble."

Remember that this was written at a time when scientists were making fun of every new manifestation in the mysterious world of psychology. It was written before Charcot began his epoch-making investigations at La Salpêtrière, and before the Nancy school of hypnotism was thought of.

The last part of this chapter might have been written by Goethe or Emerson. It contains expressions that might have been used recently at a meeting of the British Association: "In science there is neither good nor evil; there are only stated phenomena or accomplished facts."

Romance is nature reflected in the mirror of the mind. The superficial deny the power of romance as we see it manifest in Balzac and Dumas; but behind the romantic lies a vast realm of mystery, waiting to be revealed in hints and suggestions, which the unromantic can neither unfold nor appreciate. There is no great art or science without imagination; it is the basic pillar of science as well as romance. The author of "Monte Cristo" had a philosophical mind controlled by a love of adventure, a love of the marvellous, and a clear conception of the power of human will. He had the intuitive gift. In him poetry took the form of material action. What we read in novels like "The Queen's Necklace," "The Taking of the Bastille," and "The Countess de Charny" was not put there by chance. There is in such work a pre-ordained revealment. These romances, and others, contain the stored batteries of a mental force whose current of thought in the world has had, and is still having, far-reaching results—the more effective because not recognized by the public. The majority of readers only look at the surface. But below the outward movement, and what appears to the reader as mere sensationalism in much of Dumas's work, lie the secret convictions of the man himself. Romances like the above-mentioned

were partly the result of historical research and partly the result of personal observation. He applied mesmerism to romance, and so prepared the way for the new psychology. Dumas did in his novels what certain professors of psychology are now doing at some of the American universities. He made the word "magnetism" familiar to every physician and philosopher in France, and, through them, to others throughout the world. The magic resides in the imagination of genius, which is cyclic. The characters of Dr. Gilbert, Balsamo, and Madame de Charny have had far-reaching results—greater results than the famous portraiture in Hugo and Balzac, which were ends in themselves. For Dumas's characters disclosed the first signs of future psychology. He went straight to the secret source of the mind's action, drew the veil aside, and gave his readers what seemed like real scenes and dialogues.

Never was romance so triumphant; for at the present time such scenes are being re-enacted under trained and experienced minds in different parts of the world. In art, the drama, the pulpit, and even in practical affairs, the science of the mind has taken precedence of the old-fashioned theories of blind chance and results without law. Hugo's influence was political and social, that of Balzac was social and ethical. With "Monte Cristo" Dumas took up the work which Mesmer left incomplete, and he was the first novelist to illustrate the power of volition over matter. His later work harmonized in thought and theory with Bulwer's "Zanoni," the cycle of magnetic romance ending in Du Maurier's "Trilby." Dumas was the founder of a school which was to pass from the literature of imagination into a sphere of scientific experimentation. For mental phenomena like those set forth in many of his novels are no longer considered dramatic fictions. The scientific mind now regards them as facts, to be dealt with in the same order as wireless telegraphy and thought transference. Dumas wrote a series of romances to make clear his conception of magnetic force.

The world is not governed by what bodies of people do or say, but by ideas, as Plato has said. The man with an idea will master a crowd of a thousand persons with a thousand notions. In the presence of ideas our fancies and prejudices count for nothing. Dumas's personages were to him the expression of a certain knowledge; he made his characters move and talk in harmony with the ruling idea in the novel, and not from chance or caprice. This is why he was as much a seer in his own sphere of action as Plato was in his.

The great romancer who sat talking to me probably knew that his novels had set up a cyclic action which would continue long after his death. He said nothing about the future of France; he seemed like one aware of the fact that he could learn no more, who was awaiting some important event.

When we returned to the company in the salon my impression was that of gliding from a philosophical reverie into an animated dream. I was borne along from one romantic scene to another with the current of circumstances without knowing how or why.

In little more than a year from that moment the boulevards would resound with the noise of drums and bugles; things would glide from the old order into the new as in a land of dreams and visions. What would become of this company of handsome women, this romantic room with its scenes from "Faust," this imaginative giant with a whole library of novels in circulation, many of which had already made the circle of the globe, entralling all classes of readers, from kings in palaces to cow-boys on the plains and squatters in remote regions of the antipodes? What would the Parisians be thinking and doing twelve or eighteen months hence? Who had dreamt of national calamity? Here was the man who depicted France just before the Revolution. He had shown in "The Queen's Necklace" and "The Taking of the Bastille" what Paris was doing and saying up to the hour of that great event; but had he a notion of the second reign of terror which the calam-

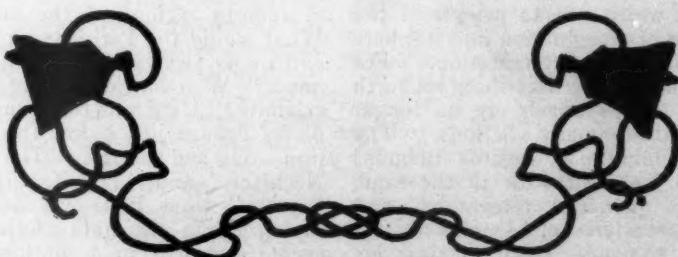
ity of Sedan was to bring upon the Capital?

Voltaire predicted the Revolution and its consequences twenty-six years before the event; society, previous to 1789, was full of rumors and predictions to which the Court and the nobility paid no heed. But just previous to 1870 there were no warnings; no one in society bothered about the political future. To the intrigues of a few agitators no one gave any serious thought. And yet prosperity was to make an end of the old order in 1870, as poverty had made an end of the old order in 1789. Under Louis XVI. thinking brains and empty stomachs made an end of monarchy; under Napoleon III. full stomachs and empty heads did the business. With Bonaparte and Chateaubriand modern romance was born; with Napoleon III. and Alexandre Dumas the era of romance ended. But only for a time. Ideas are eternal. They repose for certain periods wrapped in the silence of cloister and study; they await the season when gusts and cyclones carry the seeds of science to fields whose soil awaits their reception. They arrive in new places, in new attire, at the appointed hour, neither too soon nor too late—like guests invited in secret to appear in public.

The conscious universe is composed of kaleidoscopic changes, magical variations of scene and sentiment, illusions springing from illusions. In youth we are hurried on from one condition to another, too occupied with the rapid changes to think long on anything, powerless to reason from action to result.

Perhaps of all the persons present on that evening I was to be the least affected by the approaching upheavals. When the blow descended on Paris I was in London. In the society of Belgravia and Park Lane few troubled themselves about the fate of Napoleon or the sufferings of the Parisians. Peace and prosperity reigned in England; chaos reigned in France. Amidst the nonchalant festivities of the British metropolis events in Paris seemed as remote as events in Russia. I thought of Offenbach, Hervé, Schneider, Auber, and Dumas. I thought of "Orphée aux Enfers" and its bacchanalian dances, of receptions at the Tuilleries, and the Court, sandwiched between Prussian spies and Spanish *rastagouères*, peppered with democratic parvenus and republican turn-coats, of the butterfly elegance of the Champs-Elysées compared with the more ponderous equipages and scenes of Hyde Park, of the *bourgeoisie*, fascinated by the inane melodies of "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," on the eve of fire and famine, awaiting in their cushioned seats, like fatted oxen in their stalls, the butchery of the morrow.

One day the cry was heard in the streets of London: "Capture of Napoleon!" It was the end. The panorama of Empire had rolled itself out like the transformation scene in "Parsifal." The people I had met at the house of the author of "Monte Cristo" were scattered far and wide. Napoleon the Little came to England to die; Dumas the Great escaped from Paris and passed away in the country within a few months of the *débâcle* at Sedan.



The Knowers

A Cereal

(After Henry Seton Merriman)

By GRACE E. MARTIN

CHAPTER I

There is one that keepeth silence and is found wise

THE Lawrences were seated at breakfast in the morning-room. Perfect silence reigned, for Major Lawrence was one of those rare men who have discovered that the less they talk the more they can eat.

Mrs. Lawrence was confined to her room, and Dorothy's mind was completely absorbed in the consideration of the cereal before her. Do not smile, my good friend the reader, and think that a cereal is not a fit matter to fill a maiden's heart. Perhaps it is not; it is only the bulwark of England's strength, the cause of all other nations trembling before her, the thing which makes the Englishman of to-day what he is, the crown and climax of all created beings—that is all—a little thing, no doubt.

No wonder Dorothy was silent, for in the grasp of her capable English-looking hands lay the secret of the new Amalgamated Cereal Co., Limited, an organization yet unborn, an organization which was to change the face of the globe, and the course of history, if it ever was born, for it was as yet but a mere conception in the slow but heavy brain of William Weary. And William Weary loved her.

It is little to be wondered at that the girl, woman though she was, and therefore deep and tortuous, should betray herself. She put her fork down on the right side of her plate. The Major looked up quickly. When a woman puts her fork on the right side of her plate it means something. Dorothy, glancing up, saw from her father's inquiring expression that he

was about to speak; at all hazards that must not happen. With a woman's calmness and resource in times of real danger she rose swiftly and passed from the room to meet the approaching postman.

CHAPTER II

Plus je connais les hommes, plus j'aime les chiens

Dorothy darted down the path with that playfulness which is characteristic of grave characters when they are not grave. "Is there," she asked brightly of the postman, "anything for me?" It was not a brilliant remark, it was not the kind of remark which the heroines of the lady novelists make, but it served its purpose.

The postman did not answer; he was not one of those men who waste their lives in words. He handed her the letter, and she returned to the house. No one would have guessed from her appearance (she was a healthy, fair-skinned English girl) the words she had just read. Indeed to a casual observer these words may not have seemed portentous. They were these: "Dear Miss Lawrence—If you are not otherwise engaged, I should like to call upon you to-morrow about five. Yours sincerely, William Weary." But Dorothy was not an ordinary observer. What she read between the simple, strong lines of a simple, strong man it would take a better pen than mine to tell. She tore the note into thirty-six small squares, with singular deliberation and exactness, and buried each one in a separate spot in the garden. Then she went into the house.

CHAPTER III

Plus ça va vite, plus ça dure longtemps

An Englishman stood in front of the fire, a simple Anglo-Saxon, strong, slow, massive. His large brown hands hung loosely from his wrists, the fingers slightly curved as if grasping something. In his attitude there was a curious constraint. He stood singularly still. This was William Weary.

Dorothy sat in a low chair beside the tea-table. Her fair head was bent over her work, and she regarded it with a critical look, as if it were the most important thing in the world. Deliberately she finished her seam. She was hemming dinner table-cloths, and had completed three during the silence which had followed their last remark. Suddenly she looked up brightly. "Will you," she inquired, "have some tea?" He did not move. "No, thank you," he returned with a singular lack of expression.

He was not a clever man. He was not accustomed to ladies' society, and felt rather nervous at his own loquaciousness.

Dorothy took up her fourth table-cloth. As she carefully began her work a strange expression passed across her face. William, watching her intently, did not know what her look meant. Nor indeed did she. You, gentle reader, do not know what it meant, and neither do I.

"Will you not sit down?" she asked an hour later. He shook his head; he was not a man of words. But she urged him gently. A clever woman always urges a man to do what he wishes to do himself. Dorothy had noticed the singular constraint in his attitude, and so she urged him to sit down. This time he complied, and as he was seated he smiled. It was the first time he had ever smiled.

"Do you know," he said, leaning forward and watching her with all the gentleness of a strong man, "that both my legs are broken?"

Some women would have started: Dorothy was not one of these. She did not allow even an expression of

surprise to cross her face. Biting off her thread, she inquired almost nonchalantly, "Since when?" He looked at his watch: "Six hours and twenty minutes ago, just before you came into the room." She looked at him for the first time. "Do you like it?" she asked. "I love it," he replied, almost quickly,—not quite, for he was a slow man. Then he colored darkly, for it was the first time the word had crossed his lips. "Was it the H. O. people?" she almost whispered. He shook his head; "Quaker Oats," he said laconically.

Women there be who are so inquisitive that even then their curiosity would not have been satisfied. But Dorothy was discreet. "Tell me," she said, tactfully changing the subject, "about the Amalgamated Cereal Company, Limited; have you decided what you are going to do?" William Weary let his large brown hands curl about an imaginary rope. "Yes," he replied after twenty-five minutes, "we have decided to do—nothing." She caught her breath, the idea was so novel, so characteristic, so effective. Out of the choice of a thousand lines of policy only a William Weary would have chosen this.

"I understand," she said softly, and silence fell once more.

After a pause, William Weary rose, perhaps somewhat awkwardly, but with a fine determination on his bronzed brow. "There is," he said, speaking slowly, "a question I should like to ask you." She stitched slowly round a table-cloth and then, looking up brightly, said, "What is it, Mr. Weary?" "Will you, Miss Dorothy, will you be"—his voice stopped abruptly, and after a pause Dorothy stole an anxious look at him. There was a vacant, puzzled expression on his Anglo-Saxon features. He was not a clever man. "I have forgotten," he said with singular deliberateness, "what I was going to say."

Dorothy's heart was slowly breaking, but she smiled bravely. And she remained smiling bravely with a broken heart for eighty years, for she never saw William Weary again.

There are few men who could have walked away with a simple dignity, as William Weary did, on two broken legs. But he did walk away. It was the noblest thing he had ever done to walk right out of her life and out of the story. He was never heard of again.

And the new Cereal to which he had silently and cheerfully devoted his life? Nothing was ever heard of that either, for this is a true story of brave, simple lives, not a melodrama, where things happen and people talk.

THE END

Their Realistic Journey

(With apologies to Mr. Howells)

SHE drew off her gloves with the deliberateness of one who knows that she has many hours before her and that each incident must be made to serve her as long as possible. They were not new, and her smile was a recognition of her aunt's thoughtfulness in having mended them, rather than an appreciation of artistic merit in using black thread on a grey glove.

She stretched them out, giving them those little pulls and caresses which women like to bestow upon inanimate objects, with an effect of desiring to produce an impression that they were new and expensive. They were neither, and the name on the buttons served to call up the picture of the New York store where she had bought them several months before; she dramatized a visit to the same store, and mentally witnessed the scene with an effect of standing by and watching herself. She allowed herself to buy a pair a half-size too small, with an appreciation of the fact that she liked to impress the salesman, which in a man would have been humorous.

She was recalled to the present by the stopping of the train at a station, and she looked out of the window with an impression of having been looking out for some time, and of having been irritated by the monotony of the passing landscape. She was sure she had been in the train for hours, and answered her neighbor's inquiry, "Is this Ypsilanti?" with an effect of being in some sort the proprietor of the road.

It was Ypsilanti, and her neighbor rose hastily, brushing one of her gloves

into the aisle. The girl looked after her with an indignant sense that she had taken away the only thing she had to think about.

She welcomed with an impartial enthusiasm all the passengers who got on the train, regarding them less as fellow-beings than as so many characters on the stage possessed of potentially diverting qualities; but she adopted at length as her particular guests a middle-aged couple who entered the car after the rest of the passengers, and took the seat opposite her own.

She arranged to have the lady come from Boston, and was endowing her husband with a peculiar devotion to her, when she heard him say, as he finished disposing the bags and umbrellas about her, "I guess I'll go and have a smoke if you don't mind, Isabel."

The girl thought her "Well" had a dubious sound in it, and her own smile was so much in her character as hostess that the lady rose at once and came over to her seat, saying tentatively, "Do you mind my sitting here till my husband comes back?" She scarcely waited for the girl's enthusiastic "Oh no!" but seated herself and began to talk at once, in whimsical recognition of the fact that they both *wished* to talk and that the one who began first was the only one who would have a chance.

The girl suffered her to flow on at first, tacitly admitting that the older lady, as her guest, had a claim upon her politeness. It seemed that the couple were journeying from Chicago to New York; that they stopped over in Ann Arbor in search of a young

lady who had intended to join them there; that the young lady had failed to appear, and that they exonerated themselves from all blame, as the girl was personally unknown to them. This was evolved from much feminine parenthesis, and the girl allowed herself to be provisionally interested in it, as in a plot that might develop amusing situations.

The lady explained that the girl who was to travel with them was the daughter of their hostess in Chicago. "We don't know her, but her mother thought it would be nice to have her travel with us as far as New York. She wrote to her, but I suppose she did n't think so, or she did n't get the letter, for you see she is n't here, and I can't say I feel the slightest responsibility. All I know about the girl is that her name is Agnes"—She caught sight of her listener's face and clutched her convulsively. "What on earth's the matter, my dear? Why you can't be Agnes—it's *too* preposterous! Are you *really*? Who ever heard of such a thing?"

It was preposterous, but they were forced to admit on comparison of names that it was so, and that real life had

treated them to a piece of clap-trap coincidence that would have been improbable in the wildest fiction.

They discussed the matter from every point of view, and shrieked their appreciation of its improbable character which remained satisfactorily mysterious.

"I can't wait to tell Mr. March," exclaimed the older lady, "he will scarcely believe it. To think of my having come straight to you, as if I knew all the time you were Agnes! Oh, there he is!" she cried, beckoning wildly as her husband appeared at the end of the car. "Basil, do hurry!" She began her story as he was still some distance from them and concluded with a repetition of their old exclamation, "Is n't it *too* wonderful! Can you believe it?"

He smiled at the girl in humorous recognition of their ready-made intimacy. "Why, I should think it more wonderful if you *hadn't* met," he began, but he was warned by his wife's aside to Agnes, "Is n't he tiresome?" and her instant re-embarkation on the story that he had better submit to the marvellousness of it.

G. E. M.

Notes of a Novel Reader

By JAMES E. ROUTH, JR.

I

"THE Untilled Field" * of George Moore is in a spirit which is new and powerful. It is new even to the author. "Confessions of a Young Man," "The Celibates," "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes"—not one of these even so much as suggests the new work. All are English in spirit, but "The Untilled Field" is Irish to the soul. We not only see the spare hills and the grey stretches of bleak bog,—we feel the very thoughts of the people. Wrinkled old Margaret Kirwin as she hobblest out of her hovel with her nose bent

* "The Untilled Field." By George Moore. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

over to the top of her stick; Molly O'Dwyer as she goes to the servants' ball in the long-treasured wedding dress; Father MacTurnan as he wanders along the road dreaming sad dreams of his poverty-stricken parishioners,—these are not figures that stand out upon a canvas or move across a stage: for the time they are ourselves in very flesh and blood, and our hearts leap with their scanty joys or throb with their miseries, and the strange mystery of the country seizes us, even as it seizes them when they sit about their peat fires and speak in hopeless tones of the days when Ireland was not wretched and desolate.

In most of the sketches there are no

plots. They are not tales, not descriptions, not subjective musings; but simply bits of Irish life set before us in their reality, without the artificial helps of any conventional form. And the very lack of form makes them live. It is not the romance of individuals, but the collective romance of a people. In the introduction and conclusion alone are there touches of Mr. Moore's former style, bits of the outer world, which bind the work to its predecessors and especially to "Evelyn Innes."

There are not many forerunners of these sketches. Mrs. B. M. Croker, Jane Barlow, and others have written Irish stories, but never in such a manner. Yeats alone, of Irishmen, sings in the same wild and fantastic, but melancholy minor key. In "The Land of the Heart's Desire" especially we felt for a moment the true poetry of Ireland. In "The Untilled Field" we feel it again in prose, and the white child-spirit that came for the bride in Yeats's poem once more hovers elusively about the folk tales, as the carman, "the legitimate descendant of the ancient bards," rattles them off, half to himself and half to his hearer, as he drives down the road past the "playhouse in the waste." In these touches Mr. Moore, like Yeats, goes back for inspiration to the days of ancient Ireland, of Cuchullin and of King Legaire. He has also done for his country what was done for Holland when Maarten Maartens, in a similar strain, sketched its foggy landscapes in grey, and flung into them the spirit of his own melancholy. Mr. Moore, however, is not subjectively melancholy; the dreariest scenes, fired with the joy of his imagination, become pleasing. And this is so far true that, when we close the book, we can say, with an echo which is for the time genuine: "The Italian Renaissance would not interest me one half as much as what Paddy Durkin and Father Pat will say to me on the roadside."

II

Very different from the sombreness of "The Untilled Field" is the crisp

Americanism of Mr. Bacheller's "Darrel of the Blessed Isles."^{*} Most of the scenes are laid in that western region of New England which Mr. Bacheller loves, and have all of the alert, vigorous spirit of the land. There is a touch of mysticism about the book, a touch which displays itself from the outset, when the kidnapped baby emerges, unattended, from the depth of the forest, bundled upon a sled and drawn by the farmer's dog. It is with the subsequent affairs of this adventurous baby that the book concerns itself.

As in "D'ri and I," however, the greatest care in drawing is lavished upon a second character, who in the present work dispenses with the "I" and appears alone upon the title-page. This character is Darrel, the philosophic clock-mender, who quotes Shakespeare and talks in a sort of pseudo-Elizabethan jargon. As a character Darrel is not the equal of D'ri. He has not the same raciness nor the same genuine ring. Where D'ri was a living being and a source of unending delight and amusement, Darrel is somewhat unreal; and where the dialect of D'ri was as rich in homely force as his character, the Shakespearian affectations of Darrel too often degenerate into a noticeable striving after effect. What, however, our later friend lacks in character he makes up in action, as he stalks through the story like a guardian angel, and at last resolves himself in a *dénouement* than which there are few more complete, more satisfactory, or more unexpected.

III

Mr. Bacheller has an English prototype, to which he bears a rough, but probably unconscious, similarity. It is Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose new book, "The Adventures of Harry Revel," † has much in it to suggest the American. Both writers are fond of half-boyish tales of open-air adventure; both are brisk in style and tinged with mysticism; and both echo at times the notes of Stevenson.

^{*}"Darrel of the Blessed Isles." By Irving Bacheller. Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.50.

[†]"The Adventures of Harry Revel." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Of the two, however, the Englishman has the more finished style, whether he be plunging into delightful East Indian mysteries or writing in more sober strain of old-fashioned country towns in England. There is about his style a delicate balance and restraint which give to the work a rare fascination, the fascination that comes from a story that is masterfully told rather than inherently good. There is in the plot of the new book only the slimmest strain of love, and that enters but rarely; for the hero is a young boy, whose delightful adventures are chiefly of the kind to stir boyish imaginations.

These adventures, however, are but a series of links, around which are clustered the deeper and less innocent details of a dark intrigue, in which a cold-blooded murder involves our youthful hero in its meshes and marks him as a person to be quietly slipped out of the way. The boy, however, having lost everything in his flight, even his clothing, flees naked along the shore near Plymouth and at last rushes into the astonished but sheltering care of Miss Isabel Brooks, who is also involved in the plot. Then after further adventures he goes to the wars in the Peninsula. The scenes are laid at Plymouth and in the Peninsula, and the time is that of Wellington.

IV

Few if any of the tales collected under the general title of "Trent's Trust," * and published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in their series of the works of Bret Harte, will be new to magazine readers. The spirit is the spirit which we all know, and more than one old friend reappears in person in the pages before us.

One of the most noticeable features of Bret Harte's work has always been a fondness for a whimsical, almost paradoxical, contrast of good and evil. It is the contrast of the notorious Duchess in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" lying beside the innocent bride, or of the good jostling the evil in the character

of—for instance, Jack Hamlin. In the new stories we find the same contrasts as in the heart of Colonel Starbottle when he, as the benevolent guardian of a girlish ward, walks virtuously down the street with her straight into confusion, which appears in the form of a quondam love in rouge and ruffles. We see it again in the introduction of Jack Hamlin into a household of pious and church militant Christians; and also in the characters both of that redoubtable gentleman and of Colonel Starbottle himself.

To Bret Harte's evil, however, there is no remorse, unless it be in a moment of weakness. Whether the outward form be the silken refinement of Jack Hamlin or the pompous gravity of Colonel Starbottle, the principle is the same, that, once we are away from conventions, ideas of good and evil vanish into thin air, and we realize that the only criteria of an admirable character are good taste and a sort of sturdy honesty, qualities which, taken together, we call by the vague name of gentlemanliness. These features of Bret Harte's work again appear, and very strongly, in the new book.

Artistically most of the stories rise to the full height of the author's genius, while "Dick Boyle's Business Card" has fair claims to be considered the equal of anything that Bret Harte wrote. As a whole, the book will entirely fill the place for which it is destined in the list of the American classics.

V

In "Roderick Taliaferro" * the author fairly wades in blood and excitement, and the pulses beat high. There is not much soul about the characters, but then it is quite evident that in war and novels of adventure souls are superfluities. The heroine presumably has one, though we can never be quite sure that she has anything except "big dark eyes," hair, the customary nose, and so on. The chief character is an ex-Confederate soldier who seeks forgetfulness of his troubles

* "Trent's Trust." By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

* "Roderick Taliaferro: A Story of Maximilian's Empire." By George Cram Cook. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

in Mexico and who, on half a dozen occasions, would find it but for merciful rescues by the novelist.

VI

Less harrowing and more true to the average of life is "The Modern Obstacle,"* by Miss Miller. It is neither exciting nor tiresome, neither pointed nor flat. The heroine takes her way gently through well-ordered homes, and conducts the course of her life and of the plot with all the cool dispassion of gossip about an afternoon tea-table. Her calm determination to marry only a man who has money gives way, after a few flutters of excitement, to an almost equally calm and matter-of-fact decision to marry the man whom she loves, who has none. Archie Hamlin is perhaps the most distinctive feature of the book, a man who always sidles gently around the edges of a question, like a cat around the sides of a room, instead of coming out into the open. It is all true to what we might be, were we collectively averaged, and leaves us with a feeling of profound gratitude that this is impossible.

VII

"The Conquering of Kate,"† by J. P. Mowbray, turns away from these

* "The Modern Obstacle." By Alice Duer Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

† "The Conquering of Kate." By J. P. Mowbray. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

frivolities and reverts to an old topic. The Bussey family is Virginian, but transplanted to the border land of the Mason and Dixon line. Here Miss Sussex Bussey rules with the stately courtesy, but also with the keen sentiveness of the Southern dame. Unlike most such in literature, however, she is not a conventional figure, but a very live and human person, whose niece, after a volume of incipient courtship, at last discovers that she is in love with an enterprising young Yankee, and, sensibly enough, marries him.

VIII

"The Roman Road,"* by "Zack," is a collection of three stories. In the title tale the most noteworthy point appears to be that the Roman Road really has nothing to do with it beyond the fact that it has the misfortune to run by an English home where a number of very unhealthy events take place. The last of these stories, and the best, is a bit of child psychology, in which several youngsters of the dime-novel-boy type behave in an agreeably realistic manner, until finally "they tore up Doozle's black velvet frock for a flag and cut a skull and crossbones out of the tail of Pepper's shirt, and then, just as the sun began to set, they sailed away," doubtless to the great relief of the neighborhood.

* "The Roman Road." By "Zack." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.



Wit and Wisdom while You Wait

The Best Thing about Maeterlinck.

If any one says that falling in love is an animal thing, the answer is very simple. The only way of testing the matter is to ask those who are experiencing it, and none of those would admit for a moment that it was an animal thing. Maeterlinck's appearance in Europe means primarily this subjective intensity; by this the materialism is not overthrown: materialism is undermined. He brings, not something which is more poetic than realism, not something which is more spiritual than realism, not something which is more right than realism, but something which is more real than realism. He discovers the one indestructible thing. This material world on which such vast systems have been superimposed—this may be anything. It may be a dream, it may be a joke, it may be a trap or temptation, it may be a charade, it may be the beatific vision: the only thing of which we are certain is this human soul. This human soul finds itself alone in a terrible world, afraid of the grass. It has brought forth poetry and religion in order to explain matters; it will bring them forth again. It matters not one atom how often the lulls of materialism and scepticism occur; they are always broken by the reappearance of a fanatic. They have come in our time: they have been broken by Maeterlinck.—G. K. Chesterton, in the London *Daily News*.

An Uncommon Type.

There was once, said Reginald, a woman who told the truth. Not all at once, of course, but the habit grew upon her gradually, like lichen on an apparently healthy tree. She had no children—otherwise it might have been different. It began with little things, for no particular reason except that her life was a rather empty one, and it is so easy to slip into the habit of telling the truth in little matters. And then it became difficult to draw the line at more important things, until at last she took to telling the truth about her age; she said she was forty-two and five months—by that time, you see, she was veracious even to months. It may have been pleasing to the angels, but her elder sister was not gratified. On the woman's birthday, instead of the opera-tickets which she had hoped for, her sister gave her a view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, which is not quite the same thing. The revenge of an elder sister may be long in coming, but, like a South-Eastern express, it arrives in its own good time.—Saki, in the *Westminster Gazette*.

The Woman of Thirty.

"No woman," says Du Maurier's petted beauty, "is worth looking at after thirty." To which the answer is pat enough, "Nor worth speaking to before." It is certainly impossible for any one, save her coevals, to talk with "Sweet Seventeen." She is immature and she is raw, and unripeness is not to every one's taste. She is, in effect, as much a hobbledehoy as a young man of nineteen, only she goes by another style, and becomes Miss Hoyden. Who recalls that terrible satire of Congreve's? Longfellow wrote of the maiden who stood with reluctant feet upon the brink of womanhood; and a very pretty, romantic idea it is. But it is, I fear, worth the consideration only of boys and old men. Sweet Seventeen does not stand with reluctant feet anywhere, although she pretends to do so; but, then, she is always pretending. She faces both ways, like the head of Janus, towards

her past and her future, and does not know by which to be guided. She has neither ballast nor balance, and, being such, is at once the most dangerous and tiresome creature in the world.—H. B. Marriott Watson, in the London *Daily Mail*.

Nature's Merciless Ways.

Nature is merciless in many of her ways and wholly mysterious, and perhaps her greatest and subtlest human mystery is the strife, conscious or unconscious, of one individuality with another individuality. And she gives no balm for it. On the contrary, she gives a sort of morbid remorse, wholly out of proportion to the quality and quantity of mistakes and failings born necessarily of unsuitable companionship.—Beatrice Harraden, in "Katherine Frensham."

The Cruelty of Love.

Frequently, indeed, will the greatest suffering be caused by those whose love is greatest, for a strange, timid, tender cruelty is often the anxious sister of love. . . . The greater our love may be, the greater the surface that we expose to majestic sorrow.—"Thoughts from Maeterlinck."

On Being in Love.

To love madly, perhaps, is not wise; still, should you love madly, more wisdom will doubtless come to you than if you had always loved wisely.—*Ibid.*

Be Thankful.

The most important outcome of human efforts in the past is, that we need no more live in constant dread of wild beasts, barbarians, gods, and our own dreams.—Friedrich Nietzsche, in "The Dawn of the Day."

Beggars.

We ought to do away with beggars, for we are sorry both when we relieve them and when we do not relieve them.—*Ibid.*

On Marriage.

We approve of marriage, first, because we are still strangers to it; secondly, because we have grown familiar with it; thirdly, because we have contracted it—that is, almost in all cases. For all that, nothing is proved in favor of the general value of marriage.—*Ibid.*

Literary Rappicking.

Poor Dickens, in his helpless heaven, must look down with dismay upon the publication of his "Poems and Verses." The title is a misnomer, for there is only one poem, and that is "The Ivy Green." Of the "verses," only Sam Weller's "Bold Turpin Vunce on 'Ounslow 'Eath" stirs the interest. The rest—mostly catches from Dickens's ineffective and casual little plays—will not compare for a moment with the rhymes that Harry B. Smith, Frank Pixley, or George Ade would turn out in a languid morning's work and think nothing of.



Recent Books of Poetry

By EDITH M. THOMAS

AMIDST the rapidly increasing number of poetical collections, none can be unwelcome if the editor have chosen in a field sympathetic to himself, and with the requisite measure of critical reserve. On these lines has Mr. Burleigh edited the present anthology,* preceding his inventory of transcendental poetry with a very interesting résumé of the period and influences which produced, or conduced to, the very specialized order of verse which he seeks to present to readers of a generation now quite removed in time and spirit from the great days of New England's sub-Elizabethan revival: for the Elizabethan afflatus of that period has in it nothing Shakespearean, but only the riddling, or mystical, of Davies, of Wither, of Donne—with something of religiosity from Quarles and Herbert. And Mr. Burleigh says truly of his chosen company: "These poets are more concerned as to what they say than as to how they say it. . . . There was something in transcendentalism which made them poets in youth or at rare moments; but they were grave theologians or philosophers for the rest of their lives." This fortuitousness of impulse, accordingly, gives us, from Margaret Fuller, a fine outburst, wonderfully lyric and sibylline, on the discovery of immortality, in her "Dryad Song." But it is Thoreau, whom, after Emerson, we should place as the chief transcendental poet, that most crystalinely traces the untabulated laws of this order of Orphic singing, in his unique poem on Inspiration, from

which we may quote briefly (*vide* the rest!):

But now there comes unsought, unseen,
Some clear, divine electuary,
And I, who had but sensual been,
Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before,
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

Mr. Burleigh, with enthusiastic inclusiveness, gathers in Lowell to the transcendental camp; and Mr. Burroughs may rub his eyes in surprise at finding himself, also, numbered therewith; though it is true that the special verse selected from each of these authors would seem to bear out the editor's classification.

There is a graceful song in this volume,* entitled "The Rose of Jericho," which flower the poet proposes to pluck in its "crimson-lipped bloom," and set in his rhyme. We know, from experiment, how difficult it is to renew the dried specimen brought from the East; dry still it remained, however we cherished it. So, often, it chances that the poet's attempt to revivify the transplanted Oriental theme is but partly successful; while, at other times, we are quite stolen away into the Morning Land by the magic and music of his persuasive muse. His is, indeed, the muse of the "wander-lover"; and she sings not only of Oriental scenes, of Syrian nights, of Lebanon pines, of Sidonian memories, of Ephesus and

* "The Poets of Transcendentalism. An Anthology." By Geo. Shepard Burleigh. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

* "Lyrics of the Dawn." By Clinton Scollard. Brownings. \$2.50.

Galilee; but she carries us away into sun-warm Umbria, or lets us fall a-musing over a coin stamped with the image of Aurelius; or she takes us to the home of the troubadour Guirant and his minstrel love; or, better yet, she opens our ears to the debonair and daring song of the Count of Mirandel, rehearsing how he won the bishop's daughter.

So, for a little leaven,
To ease my path to Hell,
I have filched somewhat of Heaven!

Asked to name the most considerable increment that English poetry has received from foreign sources in the last two decades, we should unhesitatingly pronounce "Roumanian Folk-Songs" to be this work.* The general public, however, is perhaps less well acquainted with the wild, strange, savage, tender beauty of the verse itself than with the manner in which it was originally collected by Hélène Vacaresco—who hid herself in the tall maize that she might overhear the reapers singing their own Lityerxes song, as they reaped, or learned spinning herself that she might attend the spinning-parties of the peasant girls, and so gather from their lips the treasure of song she coveted. It is a land of pathos and haunted twilight, a true realm of *glamourie*, through which the singer trails us, with delicate, subtle clues, but as by the unconscious thought of a dreamer; and these clues lead us into strange hidden chambers of the heart's secrets, which, for the most part, we feel would otherwise remain unuttered; not so much from determination to be silent as from inarticulateness of utterance, from despair of expression! In very many of these songs, where the meaning is made very concrete, the original clues thereto are still left visible for the reader, in a sort of italicized dream-text, as in "Mad," "The Water of Prayer," "The Well of Tears," etc.—all, of which may pass as symbolic, or for mere narrative, as the reader will. Without space to quote any entire

piece from this enchanting collection, we snatch from one a few lines of exquisite beauty. We choose the poem of "Sleep" (since we have spoken of the dream-quality of these poems). It is Sleep who speaks:

Death suffereth me to seek through the graves,
And bring forth those who long have slept
To those who sleep but an hour.
And those who sleep but an hour, they bless me
For giving back those who long have slept.

In all literature we know of no poetry touching the subject of Sleep that is so simply—yet so subtly—beautiful as this.

That *musis amicus*,—the befriender of the yet uncommissioned troubadour,—the muse yet uncrowned,—we refer to Mr. Richard Badger,—has rendered no truer service than in introducing this shy, wistful, and winsome singer who here puts forth her maiden effort, under the suggestive title, "April Twilights."* There is no small degree of skill shown in the fingering of her plaintive pipe; and ever and again we hear in her songs that which comes to our ear as the true "lyrical cry." A touch of sisterhood between herself and that lately stilled, impassioned voice of song—Mathilde Blind—is felt on reading

I have no house for Love to shelter him.

Though the singer of "April Twilights" exclaims, in a touching little *l'envoi*, "'T is Loneliness that loves me best of all," we bid her take heart of grace; for she may yet win for her muse many a golden friend in the goodly companionship of the poets.

If, as has passed into proverb long since, all the world loves a lover, we may feel assured that all the world loves a love-song. The present collector† proceeds on this principle, and, moreover, in making up his "Sheaf," has adopted a method which we have heretofore taken pleasure in prescribing for anthologists; Mr. Ellwanger frankly

* "The Bard of the Dimbovitza" Roumanian Folk-Songs
Collected by Hélène Vacaresco. Trans. by Carmen Sylva and
Aime Strobel. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

** "April Twilights." By Willa Sibert Cather. Badger.
\$1.00.

† "Love's Old Sweet Song." By Geo. H. Ellwanger.
Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

states that he "has been guided solely by his own taste or predilections"; thus, his collection presents a chain, or sequence, of song, as it were, through which runs an almost uniform motive, as if timed and tuned to some creative mood of the poet-editor himself. This motive is, as he premises, inclined to the minor key, and more often than otherwise celebrates the

Beauty that must die,
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips,
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh
Turning to poison, while the bee-mouth sips.

This motive excludes, therefore, the lighter strains of the characteristic *vers de société*. And, though we have cited Keats (in the lines above), Mr. Ellwanger has not so done; but his omission, in general, of the lyrics of other days has been purposeful, to the end that many yet living and singing troubadours shall have audience. This service is generous, not alone to the singers, but to the reader, who will awaken in surprised delight to find (if he be a lover) that he may woo with songs borrowed from Lang and Gosse, Thomas Ashe, Stephen Phillips, and others of our own time, as well as with the statelier tender pleadings of Waller, Carew, and Herrick. A wide range of authors, both British and American, is here presented, including the gamut between Aldrich and Henley, and, among Sapphic voices, Anne Reeve Aldrich and Christina Rossetti.

Elusive Ariel sprite from your own Orient,—then from our Occident,—and now heard across the waters in the

"gray isle of Song"—Yone Noguchi,* we give you hail as a very true poet. You have the "viewless wings of poesy," though the alien English in which your muse must utter herself often "perplexes and retards." Along with the lost Endymion of English song, you are a true moon-worshipper, and have thought, yourself,

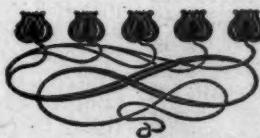
What a poem and what love were hidden behind
The moon, and how great to be beyond mortal
breath,
Far from the human domain.

To drop all apostrophe, our young Japanese has wonderfully well succeeded in snaring in words the feeling of immortal and elemental life, which the sensitive share "Under the Moon," when in that poem he declares:

I had
No sorrow of mortal heart ; my sorrow
Was one given before the human sorrows
Were given me. The mortal speech died
From me : my speech was one spoken before
God bestowed on me human speech.

We are glad to note that this small umber-tinted pamphlet has made its way in England; that its contents, with other new matter, and with a Japanese artist to illustrate the same, are to be regularly published by a London firm. Best of all, Messrs. Dobson, Lang, and Rossetti have set thereto their stamp of approval; the last-named poet and critic testifying that he has found the poems "full of a rich sense of beauty and of ideal sentiment," and that "the particular quality of their excellence" surprises him.

* "From the Eastern Sea." By Yone Noguchi. (The Unicorn.)



Certain Overlooked Phases of American Life

By M. H. VORSE

THERE has been published recently an interesting map of the United States showing how much of this country has been "written up." The list of authors on this map is a long one, and they have covered a great deal of its territory. So much, in fact, as to suggest the idea that in the future when an author discovers a rich vein of local color he will stake out his literary claim which the laws of this country will protect from later comers.

This map has aroused much congratulatory comment. The public has been made to feel that American authors are a patriotic race of men, content to write about their own homely firesides. This is not the first time that capital has been made out of the very natural fact that American writers produce books dealing with their own country. It is even usual for a book to receive undue praise merely because the hero hails, say, from the Blue Grass region, as though there lay some peculiar virtue in a book that dealt with things American.

As one looks over the list of eminent writers who figure on the literary map and considers the books which they have turned out, one wonders if, after all, these stories and novels are as typical of this country as we have been taught to think them, and if, after all, the more important phases of this country's life have not been neglected. Localism has been the keynote of almost all the best books written about the United States. Writers have made minute studies of small sections of the country; they have made the most of the local color they found; whatever was picturesque they exploited well, until, between accurate and pleasing studies of cowboys, negroes, Indians, Creoles, old Southern gentlemen or old New England maids, the American has not received his due share of attention. It is true that what has been glibly

called the typical American has figured as hero or heroine in books enough. But too many of our writers—those who have not busied themselves in making studies of localities chosen for their picturesqueness—have imagined an America which does more credit to their imagination and patriotism than to their powers of observation. This America is a glorified country, where the poor European finds a larger liberty and more sky than he ever dreamed possible. The heroes of these stories have been larger than life, splendid with every virtue, and because so many readers enjoy having their national pride tickled, the reality of these *Über-menchen* has only been furtively questioned.

We have had enough and to spare of Gibson-esque Bayards, with their flamboyant virtues and splendid vices, and it is not uninteresting to turn to those more universal traits and customs which make this country different from any other, and which have been persistently overlooked by almost all American authors.

Mr. Howells is among the most eminent of the exceptions. He is almost alone in fully understanding our really odd social conditions and our resulting peculiar characteristics.

Mr. Howells has had a singularly good opportunity for gaining the necessary perspective for this. He has seen the East from a Western point of view, and the West from an Eastern; he has seen both from the European standpoint, and his books, taken as a whole, give a very adequate picture of American life. He has found this picturesque detail, not by picturing some out-of-the-way corner, but by using the material which was so obvious that no one else happened to see it. He is, for instance, the only writer who has fully recognized the relations of American children to American parents,—a re-

lation so different from the parental-filial relation elsewhere that it alone makes a different social life than that which exists in other countries. This relation is not limited to any section of the country or to any class of society. Among the true Americans the "hands off" policy obtains. This anomalous attitude holds in solution all the other social conditions which make us and our country so difficult for foreigners to understand. They have wondered over the free and easy manners of our young people, and moralists have wagged their heads sadly over them; there appears an ever-recurring article in the magazines concerning the lack of reverence the American child has for his parent. And it is the child that has been held responsible. Mr. Howells is one of the few people who has located the cause; he is one of the two or three who have written about it, and the only one who has written at any length.

Long ago he sounded the keynote when, in "*The Rise of Silas Lapham*" he made Brompton Corey say:

"The chief consolation which we American parents have is that we can do nothing. If we were European, even English, we should take some cognizance of our children's love affairs and in some measure teach the young affections how to shoot. But it is our custom to ignore them until they have shot, and then they ignore us. We are altogether too delicate to arrange the marriages of our children, and when they have arranged them we don't like to say anything for fear we should only make bad worse. The right way is for us to school ourselves to indifference. That is what young people have to do elsewhere, and that is the only logical result of our position here."

"I think that our whole conduct in regard to such things is wrong," said Mrs. Corey.

"Oh very likely. But our whole civilization is based upon it. . . . No; the only motto for us is hands off altogether."

Throughout Mr. Howells's various novels he has again and again touched on this point. At last he wrote a book with it for its most important theme. "*The Kentons*" is the one illuminating study of this characteristic phase of our life. In it Mr. Howells has shown the helplessness of American parents, their timidity, the grotesque situations that such and such a state of things leads to, as well as the beauty of their self-ignoring attitude.

Each one of the Kenton family is a

direct outcome of this system. They are Americans. No other country could possibly have developed them.

Another universal trait that is exemplified in Judge Kenton is our national meekness. History has no parallel for it. The world has never before seen a society of freed men as meek and as uncomplaining. The meekness of the American husband is as obvious as to have been apparent even to Americans. The American is as meek a father and as long-suffering a citizen, for all his aggressive shrewdness, as he is a husband. Judge Kenton is the type of man who uncomplainingly breathes his last in the tunnel and lets the trolley car unre-buked run down his baby carriage.

Again the peculiar cheapness of Bartley Hubbard and his kindred all represent phases of a certain "flipness" indigenous here. Its parallel exists in other countries,—the thing itself only in America.

We are only too well aware of our national virtues. Our love of truth, the aggressive innocence of our girls, the decency and "whiteness" of our men, our progressiveness and energy, have been written about until our library shelves groan under the weight of self-congratulatory books. Mr. Howells has nowhere slighted or forgotten the national virtues: he has seen the other side of the case, and has seen us as we are, our grotesque social conditions, grotesque where we have tried to engraft European customs; he has admitted a certain thinness and lack of resonance in so many of our virtuous men and women. And because he has searched for truth instead of picturesqueness, and the type rather than the individual, his pictures of intricate phases of life in country and town are so exact that one must cry out, "Here is America." In fact any one who cavils with the people he meets in the work of Mr. Howells (and he has been frequently reproached because his heroes were "commonplace") may as well confess that his own country people bore him; that he does not find America an amusing place to live in, and prefers London or the Continent.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

The gentleman who said that God made the country and man made the town spoke without thinking. The biblical history of the human race, which is soul-history, begins, it is true, with a garden, but it closes with a city, even the New Jerusalem descending upon earth from God out of heaven. Long before Plato, men dreamed of an ideal city, and noble hearts will in all days be imagining some Utopia.* Such Utopias light up far ahead the pathway of progress. Now the plan of a Utopia rescued by Mr. Begley from dust, for-

Attributed to Milton. forgetfulness, and worms is that very New Jerusalem, the "holy city,"

which the author assumes to have been realized somewhere upon earth. Three men, two Englishmen, with a Sicilian who is a citizen of that republic more perfect than Campanella's "City of the Sun," visit the pattern state, which is such as Cyrano de Bergerac burlesqued in his *Histoire Comique des États et Empires du Soleil*.

Once admitted to the social life of Nova Solyma there is no limit, nor need there be, to the fancies of the author. Dress, philosophy, politics, true religion, schools and colleges, poetry, landscape, virtue, and what not, are topics assailed with a lively interest by the writer.

Those who are interested in Mr. H. G. Wells's prophetic tales of far future mechanical invention and socialism or communism mingled, others who get fun out of Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, will find in *Nova Solyma* curious mental pabulum. Perhaps some day there will come along a genius who will write a natural history of Utopias and of the authors thereof, not omitting Swift's *Gulliver* and Browning's *Sordello*.

It must be confessed that these pages of *Nova Solyma* are not diverting to one who has not already acquired a taste for the ponderous allegories of that past age, Elizabethan, Jacobean, or Caroline. Notwithstanding certain episodes of love and sorrow, the book is without soul. Mr. Begley's ingenious and learned notes are generally more attractive than the text upon which he comments. What would endow the work with a larger in-

terest would be the certainty of its Miltonic authorship. We frankly avow that without a more intimate knowledge of John Milton's Latin style we shall not pretend to decide if Mr. Begley is correct in his surmise. Internal evidence being wanting to us, Mr. Begley relies chiefly upon external evidence. The evidences which he accumulates are many, minute, and indirect. Their force is cumulative at the most. They are not cogent. His method of "elimination" could be used to prove almost anything. Read Mr. Begley's Introduction, Essays, and Notes, and all that you can conclude is, "perhaps," "possibly." Mr. Begley's manner of proving Milton the author of *Nova Solyma* reminds one of some books on the Baconian theory of Shakespeare. It is true, however, there are interesting conjectures and coincidences noted in Mr. Begley's array of testimony. If the reader has the shape of mind for such lucubrations, he will feel the force of the argument. It is at the same time obvious that in the text there are points of doctrine, theological and political, manifestly contrary to Milton's known opinions and convictions. Mr. Begley shows much erudition in the sphere of literary antiquarianism, and that, as well as the flat-back half-vellum covers of the book, bibliophiles will prize. For bibliophiles this is a book "as should be," for no one else would wish to read it, unless, perchance, some miscreant book-reviewer, and that for his sins.

C. J. Wood.

Notwithstanding the many expeditions to that far and frozen land, notwithstanding the hardships and sufferings they entail, there is always an expedition on the way or in preparation. It is only necessary to say that an expedition is being fitted out, to have more

The Latest Dash for the Pole. volunteers offer themselves to accompany it than a fleet could accommodate. Each expedition that sets forth has a distinct idea in view, usually unlike that of the one that has gone before. Of course it is always science that is the incentive, but at the same time the love of adventure accounts largely for the fascination of Arctic travel.

* *Nova Solyma, the Ideal City; or, Jerusalem Regained. An Anonymous Romance Written in the Time of Charles I. Now First Drawn from Obscurity, and Attributed to the Illustrious John Milton.* With Introduction, Translation, Literary Essays, and a Bibliography, by WALTER BEGLEY. 2 vols., Scribner, \$5.00.

The most recent book on the fascinations of the North Pole is that of the Duke of the Abruzzi. According to the statement made in his introduction, the object of his Royal Highness's expedition was to sail as far to the north as possible along some coast line and then to travel on sledges towards the Pole from the place where the winter had been passed. The Pole was not discovered, but the sledge journey, led by Commodore Cagni, reached a latitude which no man had previously attained, and there they planted the Italian flag. It now remains for an American expedition to press on to a higher latitude and to plant the American Stars and Stripes.

The Duke of the Abruzzi has the true spirit of the sportsman. Five years ago he beat the record by his ascent to the summit of Mount St. Elias in Alaska. This whetted his appetite for record beating, and in 1899 he organized the expedition which set sail on the "Polar Star." This expedition was composed of Italians and Norwegians. The captain of the ship was a Norwegian, as were a number of the men. Among the Italians were four Alpine guides. The vessel selected was originally named the "Jason," but after she was fitted up for Arctic travel she was rechristened "Stella Polare"—"Polar Star." Many changes had to be made to convert the "Jason" into the "Polar Star," in its hull, in its masts, and in its cabins, and it was considerably strengthened to fight against icebergs. The vessel was fitted out in Norway because it was easier to provide the requisites for such an expedition in that country. The expedition took supplies for four years. The preference was given to the kind of food which had been chosen by Nansen for the first expedition of the "Fram," and that Sverdrup had chosen for the second, selecting those which had been kept well preserved rather than others more palatable perhaps but not as yet tried. Future expeditions may learn some practical things from the Duke of the Abruzzi's observations. As far as food is concerned, this expedition seems to have been particularly well equipped. There was sufficient variety, and the Duke had brought a good cook from Italy. His duties were no sinecure, for he had to do his work under the most trying circumstances, and there was no end to it. His employer pays him unstinted compliments.

The first of these two big volumes is written by the Duke, and deals with the voyage northward and the life in camp during the winter;

the second volume is the narrative of Captain Cagni, the leader of the main expedition toward the Pole, and of Dr. Cavalli, in charge of one of the two parties that accompanied Captain Cagni on part of his journey. Another party consisting of three men—Italians—never returned.

The first dash for the Pole, begun February 21, 1900, had to be abandoned on account of the intense cold. The second attempt, made in March, was persevered in, although it occasioned intense suffering on account of the lowness of the temperature. The Duke was unable to go with Captain Cagni, having lost the use of his hands by frostbite, two of the fingers of his right hand having to be partly amputated. The Duke tells his part of the story simply and concisely. Although he suffered more than many Arctic explorers have suffered, he seems to have been cheerful throughout the entire voyage and never lost sight of the comfort of his men, nor did he forget to make scientific notes whenever there was anything of an unusual nature to record. They were forced to abandon the ship and live in tents.

Captain Cagni did not return from this expedition until April 25th, when he had reached the latitude of 86° 34' North. His journey took three months and twelve days, and resulted in breaking the Polar record. According to his own story he might have gone a few degrees farther, but as he had gone farther than any other man he did not think it was worth the risk to go just a little farther. It would, he argues, at most "be possible to push on a few miles farther toward the North if the ice of the Arctic Ocean were in an unusually favorable state, but the results would not afford any compensation for the fatigues and privations undergone." What he recommends would be "to sail along the western coast of Greenland to the north of Kennedy Sound, where it ought to be possible under favorable conditions to go on to a still higher latitude than that reached by the 'Alert' off Grantland."

Captain Cagni suffered intensely during his expedition, which came very near ending its days by starvation. But at last after great suffering from cold and want of food they reached latitude of 86° 40', and there they tied the Italian flag to a bamboo pole, and waved it to the cry of "Long Live Italy!" "Long Live the King!" "Long Live the Duke of the Abruzzi!" and then they lay down to rest.

There is no reason to doubt that Captain Cagni reached the latitude that he names; therefore this expedition has a record of thirty miles beyond the latitude reached by Dr. Nansen. While no very great object may have been accomplished by this expedition, it has added something to our scientific knowledge of the country, and it has proved that in the Italy of to-day are still to be found men with the adventurous spirit of Columbus.

J. L. G.

"You must consider your emotions very precious," says Henri Taine in writing of Wordsworth, "that you put them all under glass! There are only three or four events in each of our lives worthy of being related; our powerful sensations deserve to be exhibited, because they recapitulate our whole existence; but not the little effects of the little agitations which pass through us, and the imperceptible oscillations of our every-day condition."

At this rate, M. Taine would hardly have had patience with the confidences of Henry Ryecroft in Mr. Gissing's new book*; and Henry Ryecroft was not, by his own statement, and on the face of it, a Wordsworth. His diary, a collection of short unconnected essays, is hardly, as the author describes it, written gossip. It is nowhere sufficiently personal nor sufficiently human for good gossip (for there is such a thing as good gossip). Nor does it carry conviction as an honest diary, except, of course, the diary of a literary man who hopes some day to sell his meditations. The supposititious author, while he was in a sense an individualist, had not the winning kind of egotism which makes a fascinating diarist.

As "papers" of a scholarly and cultured Englishman the essays are interesting; for instance: "'Time is money' says the vulgarest saw known to any age or people. Turn it round about, and you get a precious truth—money is time. . . . With money I buy for cheerful use the hours which otherwise would not in any sense be mine; nay which would make me their miserable bondsman. . . . What are we doing all our lives but purchasing, or trying to purchase, time? And most of us, having grasped it with one hand, throw it away with the other."

This is, with the omission of one or two sentences, the whole of one chapter of the "Papers." Others chat of books, of gardens,

* *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.* By George Gissing. Dutton. \$1.50.

of poverty, of art, of philosophy. He quotes Goethe's words, "Was man in der Jugend begehr, hat man im Alter die Fülle," and says, "I smile to think how true they have been in my own case! But what, exactly, do they mean? Are they merely an expression of the optimistic spirit? If so, optimism has to content itself with rather doubtful generalities. Can it truly be said that most men find the wishes of their youth satisfied in later life?" This is a question everybody asks, and Mr. Ryecroft, or Mr. Gissing, after talking about it, like a wise philosopher leaves it unanswered, except to state that the diarist himself had longed for "bookish leisure," and had attained it in abundance.

The "Papers" glow with real enthusiasm only when the subject of English cooking is touched upon. Henry Ryecroft, unlike many of us who are not philosophers, is satisfied that English cooking is the best in the world, and declares that he would far rather see England covered with schools of cookery than with schools of the ordinary kind. "Think of the glorious revolution that could be wrought in our troubled England if it could be ordained that no maid of whatever rank might become a wife unless she had proved her ability to make and bake a perfect loaf of bread." And let us hope that when the "maid" had passed the required examination she would fall upon some cheerfuller fate than a life shared with Henry Ryecroft. "My house is perfect," he writes in his peaceful selfishness; "very rarely do I hear even a chink of crockery; never the closing of a door or window. Oh, blessed silence!"

Enough perhaps has been quoted to show the scope and style of the "Papers." Dignified even when the author is deliberately playful, written in excellent English and in Mr. Gissing's scholarly style, the book has a genuine literary flavor which will commend it to those who watch and wait for the books—few each year—which are literature. It is a book for the thoughtful, and for those who, like the hero, have attained bookish leisure in abundance.

GRACE E. MARTIN.

"For my part," says Miss Repplier, in one of her essays, "the good novel of character is the novel I can always pick up; but the good novel of incident is the novel I can never lay down." Of the "good novel of incident," with lively action, original plot, love, adventure, intrigue, and all the traditional elements,

*The Four Feathers** is an excellent example. Indeed it excels in just that quality which old-fashioned novel-readers used to demand and which newer-fashioned ones sometimes stealthily enjoy,—of suspense, of sustained interest. It is the kind of book one does not willingly "lay down." And what does it matter if the nature of this interest be somewhat akin to that felt in the solution of an A Good unfamiliar riddle, the issue of an Novel of unfamiliar game? The novelist Incident who can excite a feverish thirst for his dénouement need not analyze his success.

Moreover, Mr. Mason has proved that he is an accomplished master of romance by scorning to borrow his material from dead centuries. His romance is of a strictly contemporaneous kind. Picturesque rural Ireland is made to supply the sentiment, London the pivot of action; while Egypt and that abode of horrors, the "House of Stone," easily furnish the adventure. These widely separated scenes are compactly articulated; and one is forced to admire the economical precision with which Mr. Mason manages characters and scenes,—with no waste of material, yet with an apparently lavish besprinkling of incident.

But to regard *The Four Feathers* merely as a clever piece of literary machinery is to overlook the author's plain intention to present his hero, that sorely tried Harry Feversham, as something of a psychological novelty. It was this young man's misfortune, while born into a family of stalwart military tradition, to combine a torturing fear of cowardice with unusual physical bravery. But this situation no sooner promises to be interesting than it is eliminated; the author has no time for that sort of thing. So, having permitted his hero one ignominious action,—resignation from his regiment on the eve of action that he may not disgrace by cowardice the girl to whom he is engaged,—Mr. Mason forswears further subtleties and one hears no more of Harry Feversham's fear of fear. The story once set in motion, Feversham is relieved of the troublesome characteristic on which the narrative hinges and is unflinchingly heroic to the end.

To fulfil the demands of Mr. Mason's plot it was necessary that he should have a somewhat rigid heroine; although, after all, Ethne is perhaps as real a woman as ever appears in a genuine story of adventure, whose exigencies naturally demand that the valiant and conspicuous roles be assumed by men and the

* *The Four Feathers*. By A. E. W. MASON. Macmillan, \$1.50.

restricted, watch-and-wait roles by women. To have been capable of adding her fourth feather to the three symbols of cowardice that her lover had already received, Ethne must of course have been the type of woman to whom the soldier hero does not feel obliged to declaim, "I could not love thee, dear, so much—" etc. In fact, Ethne has what is supposed to be an unfeminine insistence upon strict soldierly honor. She has to have it to justify her place in the story, and it is about the only trait with which the author, ungenerous and neglectful in this regard, has credited her.

After all, *The Four Feathers* is admirable of its kind. It is a fair test of its merit that it would be a stolid reader who could resist the temptation to discover under what circumstances the four feathers were returned!

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

As the past of the United States occupies but comparatively a small era of time, our historians have sought to overtake this limitation by an exceptionally intensive study of the restricted field. The colonial era of our history has been treated with more microscopic minuteness than has any other historical subject. Thus these two volumes* describe in great detail the first fifty years of Rhode Island's existence, at the end of which term its population was a scant three thousand. On the surface it seems a petty subject to which to devote a few years of one's life, as Mr. Richman has done. Yet in Rhode Island certain fundamental principles of modern Anglo-Saxon democracy first came to fruition. These were the doctrine of freedom of conscience in religious matters, and its individualistic corollary in politics, according to which the State was not an end in itself but merely a means towards furthering the happiness and welfare of the individual. The development of these principles in a rude frontier society, unhampered by the traditions and conservatism inherent in older communities, is described in great detail by Mr. Richman. His work is conspicuously free from that narrow provincial note so prominent in most of our colonial histories. Thanks to this broad outlook, in combination with an attractive and lively style, Mr. Richman has written an interesting book. Thanks again to an intimate acquaintance with the voluminous

* *Rhode Island. Its Making and Its Meaning*. By IRVING BERDINE RICHMAN. With an Introduction by JAMES BRYCE. 2 vols. Putnams. \$5.00.

labors of his predecessors, which served as a basis for his own researches among the unprinted sources, Mr. Richman has given us a scholarly and authoritative work on the foundations of Rhode Island, and on the life of Roger Williams, whose fortunes were closely intertwined with those of that commonwealth.

GEORGE LOUIS BEER.

"The Circle" * tells the story of a girl who begins her life in a curio shop, and through Curios and the Curious. the benevolence of a lady afflicted with epigrams, becomes the greatest actress of her time. She is not convincing; but her story arouses our curiosity, and our sympathies are with everybody concerned when the long arm of coincidence threatens to spoil things. Her lover is from America, where people "mostly say exactly what they mean" with perfect candor, and begin all their sentences with 'Say!'

It is a book which ought to be much better than it is. It is a pity that the author's sins are just those which in life or literature it is most difficult to pardon—affection and indirectness. If these faults arise from excessive care and over-anxiety, time will perhaps

* "The Circle." By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

cure them; and meanwhile let the author study the gospel of relaxation and join Stevenson in his prayer for gayety. "To be candid," says one of the characters in a letter, is the privilege of the strong. It is only weakness which hangs on the outskirts of a point. I will rob the point even of its frills. I will be blunt." This is extraordinary.

The characters conceal their thoughts by so oblique a method of address that it is a wonder they ever get acquainted at all. And here is a picture of the heroine at a critical point in her career:

"She rose nervously, glancing behind her at the shut door; then she walked to the wash-stand, poured some water into the basin and bathed her face. The cold of the water refreshed her; she used the towel slowly, then laying it aside, moved to the small unsteady dressing-table, and took up a comb. There was practically no light in the room, but mechanically she passed it through the coil of hair above her forehead," etc. This is by no means all she does; and the pen of the parodist twitches.

"The Circle" is full of pictures and has plenty of life and promise. The author has a neat, nervous style and some command of sentiment. Mrs. Thurston's next book may be a fine performance.

G. E. M.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editor.

BELLES-LETTRES

Butler—The Isle of Content, and Other Waifs of Thought. By George F. Butler, M.D. The Erudite Press. \$2.50.

A volume of brief "essays," collected at the caprice of a daughter from various unknown periodicals. Commonplace in the extreme, the titles could find legitimate recognition only in a country weekly. The author appears to be a man of worthy aims, and may be an excellent physician; but that he has had no call to literature is one of the certainties. Moreover—and at this the reader will perhaps be surprised—the book is rhetorically insincere.

Capps—From Homer to Theocritus, a Manual of Greek Literature. By Edward Capps, Professor of Greek in the University of Chicago. Scribner. \$1.50.

If we accept the author's aims as recited in his brief preface, we shall find little with which to quarrel in his book. The title is sufficiently explanatory. Besides a detailed survey of the entire classical period, the new comedy and the idyll are presented, and in this second edition the bulk of the volume has been increased by almost one half. The work is conscientious, and while its conclusions are based on sound scholarship and will prove acceptable to the learned world, the further fact that

it is readable will recommend it to the wider public. The author's presentation of Aristophanes arouses wonder that some adroit librettist has not conceived the idea of adapting "The Birds" to the taste of the present; the old Greek is surprisingly modern—or have we become surprisingly ancient? The proportion of the book is good, though one might wish more on Theocritus; it is embellished with a number of illustrations, and has a bibliographical appendix.

Eddy—Delight, the Soul of Art. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Lippincott. \$1.50.

To the uninitiated, for whom it is primarily intended, this book will prove of interest and value. The succeeding lectures to that which gives the title are on "Delight in the Thought—Sincerity and Conviction"; "Delight in the Thought—Inspiration"; "Delight in the Symbol—Expression"; and "Delight in Labor—the End." To Mr. Eddy art is essentially creative, and, under the fundamental conditions of subjective delight in thought and expression, it is a term absolutely unrestricted in its application. "Art is labor under conditions of delight." To be sure, there are degrees of excellence in the result, but it is all art. The author thinks clearly, and is convincing in his presentation. His ideal is high; it must not be fancied that he exalts delight in the "initial impulse" above thought and technique. The book is itself an evidence of the writer's own joy in his theme, though so didactic a purpose may seem to preclude artistic claims.

Hapgood—A Survey of Russian Literature. By Isabel F. Hapgood. The Chautauqua Press. \$1.00.

Miss Hapgood's reputation as a translator of Russian romances should entitle her to a hearing on a matter with which she is so familiar. And in the absence of any purely narrative history of Russian literature in English her little book is welcome, though it purports to render nothing but the opinions of Russia's literary critics. This survey is compact, well arranged, and fairly well balanced. Occasionally Miss Hapgood conveys inadequate impressions. So, for instance, she is content to pass over the humor of Gogol with a mere allusion to "the negatively satirical current of naturalism of the Gogol school." On the other hand, she properly emphasizes Dostoyevsky's greatness as a psychologist, and with clearness sets forth the national significance of Goncharoff's masterpiece "Oblomoff." She frequently shows the influence of a writer's personal experiences and surroundings on his work in a manner that leaves little to be desired, considering the small space at her command.

BIOGRAPHY

Bowditch—Life and Correspondence of Henry Ingersoll Bowditch. By his son, Vincent Y. Bowditch. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00.

The memoir of an eminent physician, noted as a pioneer in "preventive medicine," es-

pecially in the treatment of consumption; an early advocate of what was then an unpopular movement for admitting women to the medical profession; prominent in the inception of the anti-slavery reform, and in the opposition, in Boston, to the employment of the national troops for the enforcement of the fugitive Slave Law; no less active in all social and sanitary reforms, being long the chairman of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and an active member of the National Board of Health established ten years later; a man of strong, positive character, yet genial, affable, and beloved by all who knew him intimately. His son, who succeeds to his medical reputation, has shown literary skill no less than good judgment and taste in this worthy record of his life and his professional and public services.

Bowen—Edward Bowen: A Memoir. By Rev. W. E. Bowen. Longmans. \$5.00.

Mr. Bowen was for a period of forty-two years a master in Harrow School, where he was the head of the "Modern Side," so-called, from the date of its organization as a department distinct from the old "Classical Side." He distinguished himself not only as a teacher, but by his interest in political, social, and ecclesiastical reforms. He was widely familiar with military science, and an authority on the Napoleonic period. He was noted for his school songs, originally published in 1886 and now reprinted in the present volume, together with sundry educational and other essays and lectures. He was also a famous athlete and pedestrian, once walking on a stretch from Cambridge to Oxford, seventy-five miles or more. The story of his life is well told by his kinsman.

Chesterton—Thomas Carlyle. By G. K. Chesterton and J. E. Hodder Williams. Pott & Co. 75 cts.

The joint authors of this monograph on Carlyle are something too much enamored of the "light touch," and their humor is not always humorous. There is a gleam of true perception in the observation, "Carlyle was patient with facts, dates, documents, intolerably wearisome memoirs; but he was not patient of the soul of man"; and there is an airy perfunctoriness in the observation, "The supreme glory of Carlyle was that he heard the veritable voices of *Cosmos*." The little volume is well supplied with portraits and other illustrative matter.

Higginson—John Greenleaf Whittier. By T. W. Higginson. Macmillan. 75 cts.

A volume of the "English Men of Letters" series, and the first which takes its subject from this side of the Atlantic. No man was better qualified to keep up the reputation of the series, and to inaugurate the American branch of it, than Col. Higginson, who, in the compass of less than two hundred pages, has given us an account of the poet and his works which is as admirable as it is compact.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

91

Reed—Reminiscences. By Fanny Reed. Knight & Millet. \$1.50.

Miss Reed's "Reminiscences" are a curious combination of *natural* and impersonality. Her twelve chapters are in the nature of brief biographical sketches of the most famous persons of her varied acquaintance, such as Liszt, Munkaczy, Benjamin-Constant, Paderewski, Paul Deschanel, and Coquelin. Of her own social experience Miss Reed either recalls surprisingly little or has chosen to disclose but the merest fragments. As "Reminiscences" the book is misnamed, though it would indeed be difficult to classify. However, it is written with an absence of literary pretension and in an ingenuous spirit of hero-worship that serve to disarm criticism.

Weld—Glimpses of Tennyson and of Some of His Relations and Friends. By Agnes Grace Weld. Scribner. \$1.50.

While Miss Weld, who is a niece of Tennyson, her mother, Anne Sellwood, being a sister of Lady Tennyson, does not add much to what we already knew of the poet, what she does give is of marked interest. The chief value of the little book, however, is the information it gives concerning some of his relatives and friends. There is a good deal about his brother Charles and his uncle, "Sam Turner," whose name he took, and the Sellwoods, and Sir John Simeon (the "prince of courtesy," as Tennyson called him), and the Camerons; and we are particularly glad to know something more of the poet's brother Horatio (barely mentioned in Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir" of his father), to whose three daughters the present book is dedicated, and who seems to have been a most estimable and lovable person. Horatio had a son Bertram, some of whose prose and verse is given in the Appendix.

FICTION

Anon.—The Life Within. Lothrop. \$1.50.

The literature of "Christian Science" grows apace. Here is a well-written novel for the propaganda of that cult. It describes the troubles and triumphs of adherents of the Christian-Science doctrine in an eastern Kentucky town, and, incidentally, the characterizations, local peculiarities, and development of the tale are excellently managed.

Beach—A Disciple of Plato. By Allgood Beach. Roberts. \$1.50.

This story is, in one sense, rather slow, but the social pace it describes is decidedly fast. Modelled on the French school of fiction, it deals chiefly with improprieties. Calculated for the latitude and longitude of Paris it can hardly be called wholesome. To some this will be received as a recommendation. For the rest, the narrative moves leisurely.

Chapin—Discords. By Anna Alice Chapin. Pelham Press. \$1.50.

Miss Chapin's technique excels her material. Her method appears to be the inspirational one. For such scenes, characters, and plots as she has chosen, imagination, rather than

observation or experience is obviously the creditor. It is unusual to come upon work that is absolutely untouched by contemporary literary "tendencies": nevertheless this is one. It is largely concerned with foreigners of title who meet erotic women with discordant souls in impossible situations. Miss Chapin, however, describes her unnatural world with considerable skill and with an appreciation of the technical demands of the short story. The book is unusually well made and is marred only by the proof-reader's occasional carelessness in regard to the French phrases with which the stories are rather liberally sprinkled.

Jackson—Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales. By Birdsall Jackson. Buckles. \$1.25.

This volume of short tales, sketches, and poems ought to find some readers, and probably will. We read it,—for our sins. After all, our taste is not that of every one. There are those who enjoy Peter Bell the Third, his Book. We wish Mr. Jackson well, and beg him to put more stuff into his next book, if we must read it.

Janvier—The Christmas Kalends of Provence. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper. \$1.25.

Anything about Provence, the land of poetry and sunshine, is likely to have an interest for the sympathetic reader; but when so sympathetic a writer chooses it for his theme, its inherent charm is much enhanced. Mr. Janvier has produced an idyllic narrative of conspicuous literary merit. He has admirably reproduced the atmosphere, and, though the prefatory verses are not of the highest order, has evinced a poetic temperament which can communicate to homely prose much of the grace of poetry. The evident joy of writing shows that his heart was enlisted, and a lovable personality dominates the pages. Himself in a holiday mood, he brings his reader into harmony with it. In the first story, which has some sharply drawn characters, he enters with zest into all the immemorial formality of a celebration still possessing its sacred significance. Anachronism and incongruity do not affect the piety of the simple souls whose unsophisticated life is faithfully pictured here. The same easy charm pervades the other two stories, "A Feast-Day on the Rhône" and "The Comédie Française at Orange." The descriptive touches are effective throughout, without being wearisome, and a playful humor radiates from unexpected sources.

Latimer—The Prince Incognito. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. McClurg. \$1.50.

If historic or semi-historic princes will disappear for a season—we wish they would not—their historic or semi-historic romances are inevitable. This book is a case in point. It is not strong food, nor is it indigestible.

Smith—The Art of Disappearing. By John Talbot Smith. Young. \$1.50.

Father Smith has produced a story which, whatever its defects, possesses the merit of

being original both in its main idea and in its description of a phase of life in New York City, that is little known to those outside the Roman Catholic Church. We do not vouch for the ethics of the tale, but have found it an unusually interesting study and a relief from the rut.

Stimson—Jethro Bacon and the Weaker Sex.
By F. J. Stimson. Scribner. \$1.00.

Mr. Stimson has studied the manners and customs of "the Cape" with devoted assiduity, yet without the artist's intuition. His comments, therefore are self-consciously made, and in the story of Jethro Bacon, the art of the narrative is greatly marred by the persistent intrusion of sweeping generalities which the author seems not to know his region quite well enough to omit. The theme of Jethro Bacon is a compelling one, yet the characters are drawn with a harsh tendency to caricature and an utter lack of humor. Mr. Stimson hardly rises to the point of justifying the unpleasantness of his material.

Trowbridge—Eglée: A Girl of the People.
By W. R. N. Trowbridge. Wessels.
\$1.00.

"Eglée" purports to be historical, yet is not an historical novel, and is finished off with no tag of romance at the end. It is rather a character study of the ignorant but forceful and warm-hearted *fille de joie* of the Faubourg, who, having conceived a passionate admiration for the Queen, became a victim of Revolutionary vengeance because of her zeal in the aristocrats' behalf. In outline Eglée is well sketched, but in details the work lacks delicacy and finish. Moreover, any story of this period invites too many comparisons.

Turner—The Taskmasters. By George K. Turner. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Mill-life, the under side of politics, and provincial "society," these, flavored with romance and somewhat of villainy and mystery, are the elements combined in "The Taskmasters"; but combined in such varying degrees of success that the book is of uneven merit. The villainy is conventional and the romance more so, while the attempt to picture the light conversation of well-bred persons is an utter failure. On the other hand, the German and Irish character studies are so good as to suggest that this, rather than novel-structure, is the author's proper field. The young Irish barrister is inimitable.

von Hillern—On the Cross. By Wilhelmine von Hillern and Mary J. Safford. Biddle.
\$1.50.

This story is suggested by the possible effect upon a spoiled and sentimental noblewoman of the religious exaltation of the Oberammergau Passion Play. Extravagance runs riot through the chapters. Diction and subject-matter alike revert to a false and hysterical type of novel writing.

HISTORY

Dahlinger—The German Revolution of 1849.
By Charles W. Dahlinger. Putnam.
\$1.35.

This book can be recommended strongly to all interested in the origin of the democratic and national movements in Germany. Though the title is comprehensive, the book is in reality an intensive study of the revolutionary movement of 1849 in Baden, that section of Germany most influenced by the French doctrines of 1789. Despite the author's modest assertion, the work is original in character, and while it contains nothing that is new to a German student, it will be a welcome addition to the historical literature of an English-reading public.

Lodge—A Fighting Frigate, and Other Essays and Addresses. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Scribner. \$1.50.

A good writer needs no reviewer, as Sweet Rosalind might say. Mr. Lodge is always entertaining. The "Fighting Frigate" is the old *Constitution*, 44. Launched in Boston in 1797, the one hundredth anniversary of her birth saw her return to her native waters at the instance of the Daughters of 1812. The occasion was celebrated by the address delivered by Mr. Lodge in the Old South Church, Boston, October 21, 1897. It was to the orator a congenial subject. It afforded him the opportunity he loves so well, of displaying, in just proportions, the fires of patriotism and the fervor of poetry.

A lawyer and legislator himself, Mr. Lodge is at his best when treating of those eminent jurists and statesmen who have contributed so largely to mould the nation as it stands to-day, not the least in the great family of States.

The addresses on John Marshall, Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court from 1801 to 1835, and on his distinguished predecessor in office, Oliver Ellsworth, are classics. The colossal form of Daniel Webster is invested with the most graceful rhetoric. The tributes to the "Three Governors of Massachusetts—Greenhalge, Robinson, and Roger Wolcott—are more like labors of love.

Of the address delivered at the unveiling of the statue of the Comte de Rochambeau in Washington, May 24, 1902, it is enough to say it was in every way worthy of the orator and of the occasion.

Mowry—The Territorial Growth of the United States. By William A. Mowry. Silver, Burdett. \$1.50.

It is an oft-told tale that this book gives us, but one whose various chapters have hitherto had to be picked piecemeal out of our standard histories. Mr. Mowry has collected all the essential facts bearing on the subject, and presents them to us in a readable little book, equipped with admirably clear maps. The work was worth the doing, and the manner in which it was done is satisfactory.

MISCELLANEOUS

Brooks—The Social Interest: Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements. By John Graham Brooks. Macmillan. \$1.50.

All through this book one feels the self-restraint of the author, who is a socialist of the better sort. He tries to keep sane and impartial with much success. In addition to this he is not pessimistic, which is all the more surprising, since his book is the result, not of closet study but of mixing with the living factors, workers, and employers. He is describing, not theories but actual conditions, yet he believes that the goal of social and co-operative tranquillity will be attained when everybody will help everybody else.

Canfield—Legends of the Iroquois. By W. W. Canfield. Wessels. \$2.50.

A collection of Indian legends from a veritable Indian source, having been told by the "Corn-planter," a Seneca chief, to one of the pioneer settlers of western New York a few years after the Revolutionary War. The present handsome edition is a limited one of five hundred copies, with a colored portrait of the "Corn-planter" as frontispiece.

Gardner—Ancient Athens. By Ernest A. Gardner. Macmillan. \$5.00.

This is the archaeology of Athens brought down to this year, but it is something more. Since Ernest Breton's "*Athènes, Décrite et Dessiné*" came out in 1868 we have not seen a description of Athens and its art treasures so full, scientific, and satisfactory. Mr. Gardner covers all the ground, natural features, early Attic art, and the monuments. Only literature and theology in their relation to Athenian art he does not discuss. His style is easy and clear, and we are thankful to announce that he is not controversial. Altogether we find it a sane, useful, and enjoyable work.

Henry—An Island Cabin. By Arthur Henry. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

The island cabin of which Mr. Henry writes is in Long Island Sound, within a mile of Connecticut, where he and two women companions assumed squatters' rights and lived for four months and a half in careless ease and ignorance of city clothes and ways. The book belongs to the out-of-door class of literature, which should find many readers among people questioning themselves and their friends how to spend the summer. Possibly, Mr. Henry's cabin is to let.

Keller—Homeric Society. By Albert Galloway Keller, Ph.D., Instructor in Social Science in Yale University. Longmans. \$1.20.

Proceeding upon the assumption that Homer's evidence upon his age is direct and accurate, and that his description is of a single culture-epoch and primarily a single people, Dr. Keller relates the distinctive features of Homeric society. It is impossible in a little

over three hundred pages to be exhaustive, but for at least the lay reader the view is adequate. First, the ethnic environment is discussed, particularly the influence of the Phoenicians, and then industrial organizations, religious ideas and usages, property, marriage and the family, government, classes, and justice are successively presented. This was a task well worth doing, and it is well done, though the matter could hardly be dull. There are evidences of painstaking research, and the footnotes, while not pedantic, betray the scope of reading and attest the value of the judgments. Of the author's own enthusiasm there can be no doubt; and for a subject so alluring he will be likely to succeed in communicating it, while the student of political and social science may find much stimulating suggestion in the book.

McKenzie—The American Invaders. Their Plans and Progress. By Fred A. McKenzie. Bell. 75 cts.

Here is a loud lament along the sounding sea from an Englishman. It has been written to Englishmen to call their attention to the fact that Americans are gaining commercial supremacy even in England. He beseeches his countrymen to wake up before it is too late, if it be not already too late. Who can arrest the star of empire in its course? But patience! Perhaps it will be China's turn next.

O'Donnell—The Ruin of Education in Ireland. By F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A. Nutt. \$1.50.

This is an appeal by a Catholic layman for the betterment of Catholic lay education in Ireland, and for its deliverance—outside matters of faith and morals—from clerical control in general and from Jesuit control in particular. It is also a serious indictment of the clerical administration of public money in Ireland, and of clerical indifference to the rights of the Catholic laity, together with suggestions of reform. Mr. O'Donnell's Irish flow of words and overflow of epithets are not always parliamentary, but he sets forth much which the University Commission will do well to consider, and this, we take it, is the chief object of his book.

Putnam—Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1902. By Herbert Putnam. Government Printing Office.

Apart from the concise and comprehensive report of the Librarian on the State of the Library of Congress, this well-illustrated volume contains appendices of a wide interest. Such are the appendices on the "Manuscript Accession, 1901, 1902," "Report of Catalogue Division," and "Bibliography of Co-operative Cataloguing."

Young—Plantation Bird Legends. By Martha Young. Russell. \$1.50.

As a contribution to folklore these legends of the owl, buzzard, crow, and other familiar birds, put in the mouth of the elfin child of the plantation "witch," are not only of a cu-

The Critic

rious interest, but decidedly worth preserving. Like all such legends of imaginative, untutored races, these are fanciful explanations of the peculiarities of familiar animals. The stories are retold with the intimate sympathy of one who knows her subject well, rather than with the careless impressionism of the outsider, and the reproduction of dialect is wonderfully faithful. As literature, however, the legends are far outstripped by Joel Chandler Harris's inimitably humorous work in the same field.

POETRY AND VERSE

Crosby—Swords and Plowshares. By Ernest Crosby. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.00 net. We have found in the nature verses, "The Veery's Note," more true poetry than in all Mr. Crosby's war-peace diatribes and Whitmanesque impossibilities. When we read—

"The witchery of a wild regret,
Vibrant, monotonous, and weary,
With hopeless longing to forget—
Fell to your lot, my woodland veery!"

our sensibilities are touched, and we are in full accord with the writer; but when we note that—

"More beautiful than the rosy sunsets of the Nile—
More beautiful than the dark ravine and snowy waterfall
Is to me the sight of the hen in the barn-yard, etc."

it is our risibilities that are attacked, and we desire respectfully to state that our opinion does not coincide with that of "the leading disciple of Tolstoy in America."

Irving—Odes of Anacreon. Translated by S. C. Irving. Lord. 50 cts.

We have between these pale gray covers a free and fairly creditable rendering of Anacreon's Odes.

Kidson—Town Ballads and Songs of Life. By Robert Kidson. Published by the author. \$1.00.

The author, evidently of English birth, and of long residence in America, cheerfully and impartially celebrates the scenes and institutions of each country; but of these efforts we incline to think those are the more spontaneous whose themes are drawn from reminiscences of his native land.

Lodge—Poems. By George Cabot Lodge. Cameron, Blake & Co. \$1.00.

It is a misfortune when a verse-writer in his formative period falls strongly under the influence of Mr. Swinburne. Of all poets who have ever written there is no one the lure of whose style it is more difficult to escape from, once it has taken firm hold upon the fancy.

With regret we note that Mr. George Cabot Lodge is still under the Swinburne spell. Will he ever throw it off? We shall be interested to see. At the present time, while his work is melodious, and contains many elevated passages, it is nevertheless an echo of the master of metrical effects. In these days of fine presswork, there is little excuse for so unprepossessing a piece of bookmaking.

Montgomery—Immortalité. Par Madame G. de Montgomery. Paris: Lemerre.

The sincere expression of a "passion légitime" is a phenomenon rare enough in French verse to make the present volume noteworthy. A collection of elegies dedicated to the memory of the author's husband, "Immortalité" shows throughout a vibrant religious sensibility which is essentially foreign to the poets of the "Latin races." The better pieces leave no doubt whatever in the reader's mind of the reality of Madame de Montgomery's suffering and her deep faith in the unseen. Certain poems, notably "Doute" and the "Hymne à la Forêt," are well-conceived and impressive. The imagery of the former, in especial, renders it the most attractive in the whole collection. The author employs almost exclusively the Alexandrine quatrain, although the single rondeau shows that she can handle other verse-forms with grace and effectiveness. But neither her sincerity nor her metrical skill can save her always from bathos. When she tells us of her husband that

"S'il aimait les parfums, il respectait les roses,"

we are moved to irreverent laughter; and when she says that the unborn "n'ont là ni Présents ni Futurs ni Passés," we are irresistibly reminded of our elementary grammar-lessons.

Sheasgreen—Switch Lights. By Ed. E. Sheasgreen. Iron Trail Pub. Co. \$1.00.

There is some excellent matter, in the rough in Mr. Sheasgreen's "Switch Lights." The verses strike one as being unmistakably the outcome of actual experience. They concern, for the most part, as the title of the book would indicate, various aspects of railway life, dealing chiefly with its darker and dangerous side, though there are several effective humorous touches. The book contains nothing that even remotely approaches in imaginative power Bliss Carman's "Night Express," nothing that suggests the intensity of Richard Realf's "A Man's Name," yet there are several pieces that, potentially, are worth while.

Wells—Rollicking Rhymes for Youngsters. By Amos R. Wells. Revell. \$1.00.

Although Mr. Wells's "Rhymes" have not the engaging qualities of Frank Dempster Sherman's "Little Folk Lyrics," or of Riley's verses for children, yet some of them are sure to please the little people.

Wither—The Poetry of George Wither. Edited by Frank Sidgwick. The Muses' Library. A. H. Bullen. London. Imported by Scribner. \$3.50.

It is highly appropriate that Wither's poetry should be included in this most admirable library. Wither's Works, almost complete, were issued by the Spencer Society of Manchester some years since, but they have been difficult to obtain. The present edition may be said to contain all the poet's verse worth preserving, save his hymns, and his satires, "Abuses, Srift and Whipt" and "The Motto."

SHAKESPEARIANA

Phin—The Shakespeare Cyclopaedia and New Glossary. By John Phin. Industrial Publication Co. \$1.50.

A well-printed octavo of about 450 pages, giving the meaning of the old and unusual words in Shakespeare's works, and of ordinary words in unusual senses and constructions; with mythological, biographical, and antiquarian allusions, notes on folk-lore, local traditions, legends, proverbs, etc. The more important variorum readings are also included. On the whole, the work is the most useful, and much the cheapest, of books of its class intended for the general reader and student. It is not free from occasional inaccuracies, omissions, misprints, and other minor defects, but these do not seriously detract from its value, and can easily be corrected in subsequent editions. Professor Dowden contributes a scholarly introduction; and there are also prefatory chapters on Shakespeare clubs, the Text of the Plays, Helpful Books, and the Baconian Controversy.

Phin—Shakespearean Notes and New Readings. By John Phin. Industrial Publication Co. 25 cts.

The work of a thoughtful student, whose suggestions are often ingenious and interesting, though not always convincing. The explanation of "sixpenny nail," etc., as referring to the price—six per hundred, etc., when nails were made by hand, and therefore costly—appears to be correct, though contrary to all the dictionaries, which make penny a corruption of pound, due to the vulgar pronunciation *pun*.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Bargy—La Religion dans la Société aux États Unis. Par Henry Bargy. Paris. Armand Colin. \$1.00.

M. Bargy in this essay gives us an uncommonly interesting and brilliant study of the factors of the religious life of the Americans. Tracing from Colonial days the Puritans, Methodists, the Anglicans, and Roman Catholics, together with Jews and others, M. Bargy points out the two particulars in which American churches have differed from others. American religion, says he, is distinctively social and positive, that is to say, first, it

concerns itself with the collection before it does with the individual, and next it is more interested in practice than in theory. These two correlatives as factors are evolving an essential religious unity which will be Christian. The reader will not fail to be interested in following M. Bargy in his studies of Henry James, Channing, Brook Farm, St. Bartholomew's Church, the affair of Dr. Briggs. There is much to be said also for M. Bargy's proposition. Besides all this, it is suggestive, philosophical, and well furnished with data and ideas.

Hiltz-Peabody—Happiness—Essays on the Meaning of Life. By Carl Hiltz. Translated by F. A. Peabody. Macmillan. \$1.25.

Here is much good advice that is heavy. The German professor of "Bern," furnishes maxims enough for both Solomon and Ptah Hotep, with the surplus thrown over to Epictetus. This may be edifying to the Swiss student, but the Harvard man will put such an excellent treatise on the shelf alongside Todd's "Student's Manual," because the Harvard student of to-day is only cynical when he quotes, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," for there is something even better than to be happy.

Jordan—The Philosophy of Despair. By David Starr Jordan. Elder & Shepherd. 75 cents.

His publishers wrong the author in putting forth this beautifully printed book with the announcement that it is by it that posterity will best know him. The truth is that it is a compilation of the well-known arguments for immortality in answer to such poetry as "The City of the Dreadful Night" and the "Rubaiyat" of Omar.

Mortimer—Meditations on the Passion. Part I. By Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D.D. Longmans. \$1.00.

These meditations have the faults and the excellencies of extemporaneous discourse. While they are straightforward they are somewhat verbose. Dr. Mortimer follows the methods of mediæval writers on mystical theology, not always, we think, with edifying results.

Pearson—The Carpenter Prophet. By Charles W. Pearson. Stone. \$1.50.

The argument of this Life of Jesus Christ and discussion of Christ's ideals, is that the super-human powers attributed to Jesus, whether by the enthusiasm of disciples, the imagination of poets, or the self-interest of priests, are untrue and therefore harmful. It is the author's aim to substitute a larger and happier view of life for the "narrow and gloomy" one of "orthodox" theology; to replace "the theological fiction of an omnipotent God incarnate" by the inspiring truth of an heroic man pressing on to a great end despite every weakness and temptation that besets a frail humanity.

Thompson—The Proofs of Life after Death: A Twentieth Century Symposium. Compiled and edited by Robert J. Thompson. Thompson. \$2.00.

This book is important and valuable. Among other effects it represents the attitude of the mind of to-day towards the proposition of continued personal consciousness beyond the grave and gate of death—for he, by a letter of inquiry and otherwise, has obtained the mature and deliberate opinion on the subject of hundreds of people now prominent in the regions of science, philosophy, psychology, psychical research, spiritism, and literature. This collection demonstrates the present trend of the world to spiritual ways of thinking. Reading it, we are left with the same conviction following upon reading Browning's "La Saisiaz" and Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations, etc.,," and we declare, "I believe in the life of the world to come."

TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

Cook—Highways and Byways in London. By Mrs. E. T. Cook. Macmillan. \$2.00.

We might expect this to be one of the best books of the series to which it belongs; and it does not disappoint our anticipations. The material available for it was immense, and the difficulty in selecting from the mass was a severe test of the judgment and skill of the author; but she stands it uncommonly well. The copious illustrations, by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs, are chosen with equal felicity.

Curtis—The Turk and His Lost Provinces. By William Eleroy Curtis. Revell & Co. \$2.00.

The presence of two mutually antagonistic populations in the furthest corner of Southeastern Europe has given rise to a most interesting political condition,—one always dangerous to the peace of Europe. The murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga has precipitated a fresh crisis, and it is the opportune purpose of this book to give the American reader an insight into the complex politics of the Balkan Peninsula. The necessary information is not readily accessible to English readers, for it is sixteen years since De Lavelaye's book was published, and his work is, in consequence, not of great aid in comprehending the present position of affairs. Mr. Curtis's book is frankly journalism, the result of a journey undertaken as correspondent for the Chicago *Record-Herald*. Leslie Stephen once said that journalism meant the "writing for pay upon matters of which you are ignorant." From the highest standpoint this is unquestionably true; there are, however, degrees of ignorance as well as varying requirements of the reading public. Mr. Curtis's book certainly has no permanent value, and while he may be ignorant from the standpoint of the life-long student of Balkan politics, he is amply supplied with accurate—though it be largely second-hand—information for the ephemeral demand his book was designed to supply.

From this standpoint the book can be recommended highly. It is excellent light reading, being both interesting and vivacious.

Fountain—The Great Mountains and Forests of South America. By Paul Fountain. Longmans. \$4.00.

The author, already well known by his work on the "Great Deserts and Forests of North America," gives us in this companion volume the results of his explorations in South America. It appears opportunely, on account of the increasing interest of political and commercial affairs and enterprises in that half of our continent.

Ghio—Notes sur l'Italie contemporaine. By Paul Ghio. Paris. Librairie Armand Colin. 3 francs.

This is an exposition of the development and the present state of Italy in various important regards. The literature, social conditions, agriculture, economics, and politics of the country are discussed, in spite of labyrinthine statistics, with the literary amenity which usually distinguishes French books of any class whatever. Americans who have been nurtured on journalistic jibes at "Latin decadence" would do well to buy M. Ghio's volume and inform themselves on Latin ingenuity, thrift, endurance, activity, and progress. But M. Ghio, a truthful recorder, makes no attempt to palliate the wretched industrial situation existing in the southernmost provinces of Italy.

Loti—The Last Days of Pekin. Translated from the French of Pierre Loti. By Merta L. Jones. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.75.

Now that the Boxer uprising and the relief of the legations in Pekin by the eight allied nations has become history—rather old, seemingly, yet with suspicions from time to time of renewal—Pierre Loti's work is to be enjoyed chiefly as literature. A very bright and lively narrative it is, and delightful reading it makes for its word-pictures alone. None need be told of the lushness of rhetoric and the witchery of style which are characteristic of Loti's writings. Though he tells much of what happened, one may hardly look for true or interpretative history here, because of the simple fact that the French lieutenant takes it for granted that China made war against the world, whereas if anything is now clear, it is that seven of the eight allies first made war against China. The chief value of the book as history lies in the descriptions which the author gives of life and scenes during siege time within the northern quarter of Pekin, where the French missionaries and their converts were shut up by themselves, around the cathedral, without communication with the rest of the foreigners distant in the legation district. The chapters are like a succession of dissolving views of colored pictures thrown on a screen by the light of incandescent lime.

